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A STORY OF THREE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY DAVID A. CURTIS.

There were three of us sat in the twilight gloom
And whispered a tale of shame—
That is, two whispered, but one spoke out
In a voice as dry as flame.

My wife, that fair-faced woman, and I,
And I was the one that spoke out.
She could not believe the story, my wife,
Till I killed her lingering doubt.

But I killed it—as ruthless as I had been
When I slew my faith before,
And the fair-faced woman sighed again
When my wife could weep no more.

There was cause for weeping and cause for sighs
In that story told in the gloom,
For I told of a new love grown from the mould
That lay dark on a dead love's tomb.

I had sought for a new life, tired of the old—
Oh! that fair-faced woman could love!
My God! how she loved me, and I loved her
As the flowers love light from above.

And I swore that the shackles of shame and pride
That had held me who love was dead
Should hold me no longer—the time had come
For a few plain words to be said.

And I spoke the words. I was careless, hard;
And I knew, too, all they meant—
That the sod was heaped up on the grave of truth—
But my honor's strength was spent.

I walked from that room to a heaven of dreams—
That fair-faced woman went, too;
And, with never a thought of the life behind,
We lived—as the fairies do.

But I wonder why, when the year came 'round,
That fair-faced woman was dead?
For the cursed lips that could kiss so close
Some withering words had said.

And life that for one short year was free,
And love that had scorned all ruth,
Had melted like manna in noonday sun
In the heat of her bitter truth.

I had only tried for the thing that was mine,
I had only lived my life,
And the passion that spurned at the oaths I broke
With a God-born strength was rife.

So I wonder why, ere the year was gone,
I had tasted the Dead Sea fruit?
Well—the second love followed the first one fast—
And, tell me, what does it boot?

WHAT A PIECE OF WAISTCOAT DID.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY VANDYKE BROWN.

Briefly stated, the facts in the case, so far as known, were these.

Mr. Richard Walton had returned to his rooms in West Twenty-third street at half-past twelve o'clock Wednesday night. He had been seen that evening in one of the Broadway theatres, and later in the cafe of the Hotel Brunswick, where he had partaken of supper and drunk a bottle of champagne. He appeared in excellent spirits, and before leaving the Brunswick made an appointment with Col. Poynton Payn to meet that gentleman at eleven o'clock the next day. He was then driven to his residence, and, having given instructions to be called at nine o'clock, retired. That was the last ever seen of Richard Walton alive. When a servant went to his room the next morning and endeavored to awaken him by knocking at the door, there was no response; and when, at last, the door was forced open, his body was found upon the floor lifeless and cold. Examination disclosed the fact that he had been shot through the heart. Apart from the absurdity of such an idea, it was plain enough that Richard Walton had not committed suicide, inasmuch as his own pistol was found in his pocket with a cartridge in each of the chambers, while there was no other weapon in the room. It was then established beyond the shadow of a doubt that murder had been committed. And here all certainty ended. Beyond the one simple and terrible fact there was nothing but mystery and guesswork.

Death, they tell us, is always sudden. It must, then, be considered startlingly sudden when its messenger is a bullet. That Richard Walton was dead would in itself have caused sincere sorrow among his many friends. When to the knowledge of his death was added the astounding information that he had been murdered, sorrow was mingled with indignation and astonishment. Who could have committed the deed? Of all men whom fortune smiled upon, Richard Walton was the last to have an enemy. Possessing an independent fortune, a genial manner, and a warm heart, he made friends among all classes. A welcome visitor in the most exclusive families of the metropolis, he was equally at home among beer-loving Bohemians, disappointed artists, and unemployed actors. He was an important factor in what is known as fashionable society. He owned a yacht and half a dozen fast horses. A Grecian statue or a full-blooded setter-dog filled him alike with honest admiration. He drank extra-dry with Col. Poynton Payn, or lager with an unappreciated genius, and enjoyed the one as keenly as the other. His perfect self-possession, his exhaustless good-humor, his sunny disposition, made him a rare companion. There was not the suspicion of a snob about him. He might, and perhaps did, change his dress a dozen times a day, but nobody even thought of him as a fop. In short, Richard Walton was a gentleman. His life of luxurious ease had stretched over forty years, and he was still a bachelor. His friends—his masculine friends—counted this fortunate, because marriage might have put a check to his hospitality. Moreover, it would have been unjust for any one woman to have monopolized so big a heart. Everybody who knew him loved him. And yet he had been murdered.

By whom?

That was the puzzling question which I, John Mosher, detective, was called upon to answer. In twenty years' experience I had never grappled with so knotty a problem. At the very outset, the attempt to form any reasonable theory of the crime was baffled by the seeming absence of motive. Had the murderer robbed his victim, the case would have been comparatively simple; but there was the dead man's wallet, containing more than a hundred dollars, safe in his pocket. There, too, were his diamond shirt-studs and costly watch and chain, to say nothing of the many valuable articles in the room, left undisturbed. Plunder, apparently, had not led to the murder. The most searching inquiries among his friends failed to elicit a spark of information which might throw light upon the mystery. He had no entangling relations, so far as known, with any living person. What might have been, in the case of another, a possible solution of the problem, viz., that he had met his death at the hands of some jealous woman, or deeply-injured woman, was not to be considered in connection with Richard Walton. So, I repeat, it was impossible to assign any motive for the crime.

The only thing for me to do was to make a careful examination of the room in which the tragedy had occurred. I found that the door had been locked on the inside, and the key afterwards removed. It was evident that the assassin had made his escape through one of the windows which looked out upon the street. This was by no means a difficult task, since the room was on the second story, while the heavy brown-stone cap of the lower windows afforded a safe rest for the feet. Both windows were open when the body was discovered. The murderer had evidently worked his way with the utmost coolness and self-possession. He had left not the slightest clue behind him. He had locked the door, as I have said, and doubtless put the key into his pocket. He had then climbed out of the window, and swung himself from the cap to the ground. Without a stumbling or an alarm he had first got into the room, it was tolerably evident that he had lain in wait for his victim, and shot him almost immediately upon his entrance. The servants had heard no report of a pistol, but, as their quarters were in a distant part of the house, this was not surprising.

Having satisfied my mind on these points, and after searching every nook and corner in the room, I made my way to the yard below. The fine, closely-cropped turf left no impression of any footprint; but upon one of the sharp pickets of the iron fence I found something which I regarded as a priceless treasure. That something was a small piece of woolen cloth, perhaps an inch and a half wide and three inches long. A ragpicker might have thrust it into his bag as possessing no greater value than it would fetch by weight. Anybody, I take it, except a detective would have looked upon it as a most insignificant discovery. But to me that bit of cloth was a revelation. I saw almost at a glance that it had been torn from a vest. There was the spot marked by thread where the button had been sewed on—what a pity, I reflected, the button was gone! There was the binding about the edge, and there was a bit of the lining—it must have been a hard pull to have torn so tough a material. Small as the piece was, it was still large enough to show the pattern of the fabric, and that was the all-important feature. A curious pattern it was—a dark-brown groundwork, upon which were blocked out reddish checks fully an inch square. This combination could have been selected only by a person fond of loud dress. It was strongly suggestive of a heavy brass watch-chain and a soiled shirt-front. I put the bit of cloth into my pocket, feeling that I had fallen upon the key which would eventually unlock the mystery of Richard Walton's death.

My experience has taught me that crime, after successfully scaling stone walls, is very apt to trip up on a pebble. In the famous Mansard murder, which I had the honor to unravel, the perpetrator of the crime, after displaying the utmost caution and cunning, appeared openly with his victim's diamond ring upon his finger. In the case at hand, the assassin, instead of passing out through the gate, climbed the fence. And by taking that unnecessary trouble he left behind him, as I have explained, a most damaging clue. With this clue safe in my pocket, I made an end of my investigations at the house.

That same afternoon I received the appended note from Col. Poynton Payn:

R. W. drew seven thousand dollars from the Trustworthy Bank yesterday P. M. Have just learned the fact. He intended to be present at the Wetmore sale of thoroughbreds to-day, and the money was doubtless drawn for the purpose of making purchases. P. P.

I need hardly say that the information contained in the foregoing note was of a most important nature. It threw a flood of light upon what had before been an impenetrable mystery. The motive for the crime now became apparent. Richard Walton had been murdered for money. The assassin, whoever he might prove to be, had robbed his victim of the seven thousand dollars, and had left untouched the watch and diamonds, fearing, no doubt, that these latter would be difficult to dispose of without exciting suspicion.

It was too late that afternoon to call at the Trustworthy Bank; but, promptly at nine o'clock the next morning, I was at the teller's desk. It appeared that Mr. Walton had drawn the money a few moments before the hour for closing the bank—three o'clock. He was then in high spirits, and had incidentally mentioned that he intended to invest a few thousands in the Wetmore stock. The money had been paid to him in thirteen five-hundred-dollar bills, four one-hundred-dollar ones, and two fifties. He had placed the notes, with the exception of one hundred and fifty dollars, in a large morocco wallet, which he carried in his breast-pocket. The smaller amount was put into the wallet which was afterwards found upon his body.

"Could you identify the bills if you saw them?"

"One of them I think I could," was the answer. "It was a five-hundred-dollar note, and there was an ink-spot upon one corner—purple-ink, like this I use. The spot was as big as a wafer."

As there was nothing further to be gleaned from this source, I left the bank and walked along Twenty-seventh street, intending to take a Fourth-avenue car downtown.

All of us, I assume, have found that most important results often hinge upon a trivial circumstance. So it happened that morning. Had I taken a Fourth-avenue car, as I meant to do, it is highly probable that the mystery of Richard Walton's death would have remained a mystery to this day. As it was, the fact that a car passed down just before I reached the corner led me to continue my walk along Twenty-seventh street until I came to Third avenue. There I boarded a car, and fell to speculating upon the chances of discovering the gentleman who had left a sample of his waistcoat on the fence of Richard Walton's house. So completely was my mind occupied that I probably should not have noticed the man who got aboard the car at Eighth street but for the fact that, in making his way to a seat, he stepped upon my sensitive corn. That at once roused me from my meditations, and made me painfully conscious of his presence. He sat down directly opposite me, so that I had abundant opportunity to examine him at leisure. Even had he not stepped upon my corn, I should have taken an immediate dislike to the fellow. He had a bulldog sort of face, with small, restless eyes, a flat nose, and thick, protruding lips. There was something in his appearance which at the first glance aroused my professional suspicions. Although his face was strange to me—and at that time I knew pretty nearly every criminal in New York—I made up my mind in short order that his photograph would not be out of place in the Rogues' Gallery. I saw, moreover, that he did not know me—a circumstance which satisfied me that he had not been long in the city.

While I was still studying this passenger with professional interest, the conductor came in for his fare. The man wore a blue-flannel sackcoat, which, when the conductor's appearance broke his buttoned to get at his vest-pocket. In so doing he disclosed a soiled shirt-front, a brass watch-chain, and a waistcoat of peculiar pattern. It was the sight of this last which set the blood tingling in my veins. For I saw, before the coat was again buttoned, that a strip, measuring perhaps an inch and a half by three inches, had been torn from the lower edge of the man's vest.

And so it flashed upon me that I was sitting face to face with the murderer of Richard Walton.

The suddenness of the discovery dazed me for a moment; but when that was passed I was thoroughly cool and self-collected. I felt for the bracelets, to make sure that I had them with me, touched the outside of my pistol-pocket, to give myself fresh assurance, and then folded my arms and waited.

When the car reached Canal street the man got off. I followed his example. He stood a moment on the curbstone, as though undecided what to do; then turned and sauntered slowly down the west side of the Bowery. In front of the Atlantic Garden he stopped, and then entered. I was close behind him, so that when he sat down it was by no means surprising that I should also take a seat, which I did at the next table. The man ordered beer. So did I. At that hour in the day the Garden was wellnigh deserted. There were no visitors at any of the tables about us. The man and I sipped our beer for some time in silence. At last I spoke:

"Nice sort of place this."

He looked at me suspiciously, I thought, and simply nodded his head by way of assent.

"Have another glass of beer with me?" I continued.

"I don't mind," he answered gruffly.

The waiter brought the beer, and we drank to "better acquaintance"—a sentiment which I uttered with the utmost sincerity.

"Curious case, that murder up in Twenty-third street the other night," I said, putting down my glass.

The man gave a sudden start, and stared at me savagely.

"What murder's that?" he asked, with a poor attempt at appearing unconcerned.

"Why, Walton," I replied; "Richard Walton. Fine fellow. Rich, but not at all stuck-up. Found murdered in his bedroom. Very mysterious. Whoever did it covered his tracks so carefully that the police haven't got a clue!"

"Let's have some more beer," interrupted the man, making a clumsy effort to change the subject of conversation.

"In one moment," I replied, nerving myself for the climax. "The police, as I say, haven't a clue to this murderer, but there is a detective who has. Before we drink the beer I merely wish to inform you that I am the detective, and here is the clue!"

As I spoke I pulled forth the strip of waistcoat with my left hand, while with my right I seized hold of my pistol.

The man sprang to his feet with an oath.

"Gently!" I exclaimed, bringing the muzzle of the pistol close to his head. "Make the least show of resistance, and you drop in your tracks. I shall be obliged to ask you to put on these trinkets," I added, producing the handcuffs.

Before the fellow had fairly collected his senses I had the bracelets upon his wrists, and was leading him out of the garden.

For the rest I need only refer you to the newspapers, which contained full accounts of the trial and conviction of Richard Walton's murderer—the man who was brought to justice by a strip of woolen cloth.

A BUNCH OF ROSES.

CHAPTER I.

Maggie Denne was standing on the terrace in the rectory-garden at Wittlesleigh, gazing over the lovely bay, when a young man came close and gently placed his hands over her blue eyes.

"Fernie, how dare you?" she exclaimed; "let me go this instant."

The hands were immediately withdrawn, and the fair girl turned round, half angrily, to encounter the rude disturber of her reverie.

"Why, Algy, is it you? How did you get here? I thought you were at Motcombe. This is a surprise," she added; "papa will be so glad, and Frank too."

"And you, Maggie?" said Algy, as he shook hands with her warmly, venturing upon a gentle pressure of her taper fingers.

"Of course, I am delighted, particularly as Jessie Hamblyn is coming to-day. You recollect her?"

"Oh! perfectly; she used to be my ideal of beauty until ——" He stopped.

"Until that terrible attack cost her her eyesight, you mean. Yes, indeed, she was a lovely girl. I admire your taste, Algy."

"I did not exactly mean that," he replied; "I meant ——"

"Never mind just now, but tell me, like a good fellow, is that the smoke of the steamer over there? If so, I must go and tell Robert to get the pony-chaise ready."

Algy shaded his eyes from the glare, and bent all his powers of vision upon the tiny cloud on the horizon. It was, indeed, a fair scene upon which his eyes rested. The blue waters of the bay were flecked with foam, as the brisk breeze met the restless sea on the flood-tide. Till now, Maggie had sought in vain for a token of the vessel, and with shaded eyes had watched the wide expanse, at times almost despairing. But now all doubt was removed. The black streak grew more and more defined; a long trail of smoke extended far across the distance.

"Come along," said Maggie; "we must tell papa and Frank. They will be astonished to see you. By the way, do you generally meet your lady friends at Motcombe as you did me just now?"

Algy blushed as he replied:

"Of course not; besides, I have no particular friends there."

"Oh! not Miss Suttrel! and Miss Alice—is it Alice—Carrington? Fie, Algy, fie! what would they say to hear you disown them thus? But here is Frank."

As she spoke, her cousin, Frank Carson, appeared. He walked slowly, and with a peculiar, watchful gait, but he turned his head to neither the right nor the left as he approached the merry pair.

"Well, Frank, old fellow, how are you?" exclaimed Algy heartily as he extended his hand.

"Why, Algy Vernon, you here, dear! We thought you were studying medicine, or cutting people's legs off to keep your hand in for surgery. Oh, you truant!"

The young men shook hands warmly.

"Have you been here long this time?" asked Algernon.

"About a fortnight," was the reply; "Maggie's school-chum is coming—I am very anxious indeed to make her acquaintance. I understand she's lovely—not that her good looks matter to me ——"

Algy was about to make a reply, when Maggie made him a sign not to speak.

"Will you come and meet her, Frank? We are going."

"Of course; I shall be delighted to welcome her. I'll go and get some flowers for her—a bunch of roses will do." As he spoke he walked away.

"What did you mean by telegraphing to me in that mysterious manner?" asked Vernon.

"Frank doesn't know that Jessie is blind now, so don't tell him. She may recover her eyesight, the doctors say. Perhaps your skill may prove of use."

"Not much, I am afraid," said Algernon, sighing. "But I've made the eyes my study too. Now, your eyes ——"

But whatever compliment he intended to convey was cut short by Maggie's sudden departure.

In half an hour the party were all ready to proceed to the wharf. The pony-chaise led the way at a brisk pace, while a cart for the visitor's luggage followed more soberly. The steamer soon came alongside, and Maggie's quick glance at once descried her friend.

"There she is, Algy; and Barton is with her, as usual. What a kind creature she is!"

Barton recognized the party at the same moment, and told her young mistress, who turned round and waved her hand.

Jessie Hamblyn must have possessed no ordinary share of beauty before the fell ravages of small-pox had deprived her of sight. Even now her almost classic features were very striking, and her open lids at a distance did not betray the terrible trial to which she had been subjected. Fortunately, the disease had not marked her to any perceptible extent; and had her eyes been spared, her beauty would have remained almost unimpaired. Her tall, well-formed figure was drawn up as if in defiance of the pity she knew was felt for her, and of the many kind expressions which her quick sense of hearing caught and resented. At first she had rebelled terribly against the Will that had mercifully chastised her, but lately she had bowed her head to the decree of Providence, and almost without a murmur.

"How glad I am to see you!" she exclaimed—"I mean, to know I am with you once again, dear Maggie! How kind you are!"

"Dearest Jessie," whispered her friend, "we are all delighted you have come, and looking so well too. Here are two young gentlemen waiting to be introduced; though I think you have met Algy Vernon before."

"Oh, yes! I recollect Mr. Vernon quite well. We had a famous picnic to the Glen, I think it was."

"Quite right, Miss Hamblyn. What a memory you have!" replied Vernon as he shook hands with her.

"This is my cousin Frank Carson, of whom you may have heard," continued Maggie. "He has brought you a bouquet."

Maggie took them from her cousin and placed them in the blind girl's grasp. Jessie inhaled the perfume for a few moments, and then placed them in the folds of her dress.

"Oh, what lovely roses!" she cried. "Thank you so much, Mr. Carson!"

"Now, dear, let me escort you," said Maggie. "I see your invaluable Barton has already got your luggage ashore. This way, dear."

"Algy, you and I must follow, as we cannot lead," said Frank as he took his friend's arm.

"I say," he whispered, "what a beautiful voice she has got, hasn't she? You'll be falling in love, old fellow, eh?"

"Not I," replied his friend; "I'm not equal to a goddess like Miss Hamblyn. Besides, you know ——" He stopped suddenly, remembering Maggie's caution.

"Well, besides what? Don't mind me," said Frank.

"Oh, dear, no! the fact is, I'm rather sweet on someone else, you see. She was delighted with those roses, I can tell you. What a thoughtful fellow you are! I never can do those pretty things."

"Then, friend Algy, take a lesson now, and a rose next time."

They all drove rapidly back to the rectory. Mr. Denne met them on the steps.

"Welcome to Wittlesleigh!" he exclaimed in his cheery voice. "Yes, my dear, I am delighted to see you. Come in;" and, pressing a fatherly kiss on the white forehead, he led his beautiful visitor into the drawing-room.

"Luncheon is ready," he said, "so when you young ladies have exchanged confidences we will sit down. Do not be too long, dear," he added to his daughter.

"We shall be ready in a minute, papa," replied Maggie.

"Scarcely, I think," said the rector, laughing. "But do not forget I breakfasted at seven this morning."

"What a nice fellow your cousin must be, Maggie! Fancy his taking the trouble to gather those lovely roses! I wish I could see them," she added with a sigh. "But, Maggie, dear, what do you think? One doctor in London told papa that perhaps I might some day recover my sight—I do so hope he is right. He wanted to galvanize me, or something."

"Of course he is right, dear; he never would have been so cruel. He could not have held out hopes if he were not quite sure!"

"O Maggie, fancy! Just fancy being able to see the sea, the sky, the flowers, and you, you darling, once again. But it is too good to be true. It is quite impossible!" A weary sigh closed the sentence.

"Not impossible, dear. So let us hope for the best. Hope and pray, and trust in God's mercy."

Jessie bent down and kissed her kind friend, and then the two girls had a "good cry" together.

CHAPTER II.

Nearly two months passed away, and still the party at Whitleleigh remained the same. To those of my readers who have stayed in sweet South Devon I need not explain the pleasant life which young people can—and I believe do—lead in that land of picnics. Love in those latitudes ripens with the strawberries, and comes as naturally as cream; so the young couples at the rectory paired off almost unconsciously. Such an arrangement in the case of Algy Vernon and Maggie Denne was not surprising, for they had been acquainted from childhood. Mrs. Vernon and the late Mrs. Denne had been schoolfellows. They had never severed the friendship thus initiated, and what was more natural than that the affection entertained by the parents should descend to the children? In any case, Algy was deeply in love with the pretty Maggie; and she, though not so preoccupied respecting him, thought her old friend very nice indeed, and, if the truth were told, preferred him to all her numerous admirers. But Frank Carson and Jessie Hamblyn had no such excuse. Yet the influence of the Devonshire air was such as to kindle a spark, which showed symptoms of bursting out into a very decided flame indeed. The train of sympathy was laid, it required but that spark to be applied to it, and then the barriers of prudence would give way before the explosion. If Algernon and Maggie understood each other, so did Frank and Jessie, and the numerous excursions and picnics in which they passed the afternoons only served to rivet their bonds closer.

One sultry afternoon a last excursion was planned to the Fairy Glen. The party had been increased on this occasion by three couples from a neighboring parish, and, despite the threatening appearance of certain huge masses of cloud, the expedition started. The romantic spot which Maggie—no mean judge in these matters—had selected for the afternoon meal was one of those lovely bits of landscape so familiar to many of us. A brawling stream makes its sparkling way midst moss-covered boulders over pebbly shallows, and swirls amongst the wild-flowers beneath its banks. Then gliding into a more ruffled pool, it lazily creeps beneath a picturesque bridge, through the single arch of which ancient structure the moor is seen extending its wild and undulating curves. And then the water, secure in its pride of high birth in yonder hills, takes no heed of the narrow passage till, ere it is aware, it is caught in a rapid, and hurried over the cascade to the sea, where it is lost forever. Such were the features of the woodland dining-room on that eventful day—a day never to be forgotten by any member of that merry party. The cloth was soon laid beside the stream, and when all was ready full justice was done to the *al fresco* meal. More than once a muttered growl or subdued roll was heard over the hills, but the suggestion of thunder was met by the reply that the sound was merely the echoes of the blasting operations at the quarries, or the rattle of the trucks on the neighboring tramway.

The air grew more and more quiet, and even the insects seemed to sleep. The trees whispered to one another, and their topmost branches waved a gentle welcome to the scarcely-felt breeze that stirred the leaves. The picnic party broke into groups after dinner, the groups into pairs, each cautioning the others not to go too far, as there was a storm brewing. Frank and Jessie did not wander away. Escorted by Algernon and Maggie to a rustic seat above the stream, close to a tall and sheltering tree, they sat together while the more venturesome of the party climbed the tall rocks or wandered up the stream, leaping from stone to stone, where assistance and much holding of hands were a necessity. Lovers' dreams! for what are ye not responsible? How many happy faces ye have mirrored in your sparkling waters? Frank and Jessie chatted for some time on indifferent subjects, until at last she sighed deeply and said, half-absently:

"Oh, how very sorry I shall be to leave here! I have been so happy!" Then she added suddenly: "Everyone has been so very kind to me!"

"I am dreadfully sorry you must go," he said with an answering sigh, and somehow as he spoke, we know not how—how does it ever happen?—their hands touched; his fingers clasped hers, and hers were not withdrawn. The train was fired!

"Jessie, dearest Jessie," he whispered, "can you love me? Will you be my wife?"

There was no reply, unless an almost imperceptible pressure of the taper fingers could be so termed. Frank took it for assent, and, bending down, he kissed the lovely face once, twice, thrice, till the cheeks were as brilliant as the crimson rose Jessie wore in her dress.

"My own, my darling!" was all he said. A sharp peal of thunder passed away unheeded as he spoke. After a pause he resumed:

"So you *do* love me, Jessie! I never thought you would care for me, dear."

"Indeed, I do," she answered; "why should I not? But I often wondered that you selected me as your companion all these weeks, for I am so unfortunate."

"Why, my darling, how are you unfortunate?" and he passed his arm around her taper-waist.

"Because—because—oh! I cannot bear to mention it; though I do not mind now—at least, not nearly so much."

"But what is this terrible reason why I should not love you, Jessie? Tell me, dearest?"

"O Frank! that is like your kind sympathy for me. Of course you guess. It is because I'm blind, you know!"

Frank recoiled as if he had been stung, a choking gasp escaped him, and he could not speak for a moment.

"BLIND!" he repeated at length, as if in a dream: "blind! *O Jessie! So am I!*"

It was too true. Blind from his birth, Frank Carson had never dreamed that Jessie was afflicted like himself. Maggie had never told him this, in order that she should have the very best medical treatment. My offer was declined, the family preferring to leave it in the hands of their village doctor where they resid', at Middleboro, Mass

We are indebted to E. & H. T. Anthony & Co., 591 Broadway, for a photograph from which our engraving was made.

MISS MINNIE WARREN, (MRS. NEWELL.) TOM THUMB, (CHAS. S. STRATTON.) LAVINIA WARREN, (MRS. STRATTON.)

DEATH OF MINNIE WARREN.

The following letter is self-explanatory:

MIDDLEBORO, MASS., July 23, 1878.

MR. FRANK QUEEN—*Dear Sir:* It is with a heavy heart that I write you of the death of our dear little friend Minnie Warren (Mrs. Major Newell), who died at her home in Middleboro, Mass., Tuesday July 23, four hours after giving birth to a six-pound girl-baby. This estimable little lady was loved by all of her fellow-citizens, who deeply feel their loss. Yours, very truly, PROF. C. H. HOUGHTON.

Deceased, whose real name was Huldah Bump, was a daughter of John S. Bump, and was 29 years of age, having been born in Middleboro, Mass., June 2, 1849. For professional purposes both she and her sister Lavinia assumed the name of Warren. Minnie's height was 36½ inches, while that of Lavinia, who was precisely eight years older (having been born June 2, 1841), is 37¼ inches. Minnie first appeared in public before an assemblage of people at Grace Church, in this city, Feb. 10, 1863, as bridesmaid at the marriage of her sister Lavinia with Tom Thumb (Charles S. Stratton). Commodore Nutt officiating as groom. The marriage service was performed by the Rev. Junius Willey, rector of St. John's Church, Bridgeport, Ct., assisted by the late Rev. Dr. Thomas House Taylor of Grace Church; while Mr. Morgan, the well-known organist, played that instrument. The marriage attracted a great deal of public attention, and thousands of persons attended the reception subsequently given by Mr. and Mrs. Tom Thumb at the Metropolitan Hotel. After a wedding tour to Washington, D. C., they went to Bridgeport, and retired, as was then supposed, to private life. After a few months they again longed for the excitement of public life to which they had been accustomed, and the quartet—Tom Thumb and wife, Commodore Nutt and Minnie Warren—commenced a series of exhibitions under the management of P. T. Barnum, Minnie then making her first professional appearance. After visiting many of the principal cities and towns in this country, about 1865 they went to Europe, where they passed some three years. They have since held their customary levees throughout this country. Some years ago Commodore Nutt withdrew from the combination, and his place was supplied by a dwarf named Nelson, known as Major Newell, and subsequently called General Grant Jr., to whom Minnie was privately married in this city some time ago, although the newspapers had on many occasions previously published reports of her marriage to Commodore Nutt. The gallant young Commodore had been an aspirant for the hand of Lavinia, and when Tom Thumb won her affections Mr. Nutt became very despondent. Mr. Barnum suggested to him that Minnie would be a better match for him, as she was younger and nearer his own age; but the Commodore had become a woman-hater, and declared that he would not marry the best woman living. The deceased had a pleasing appearance, winning, lady-like manners, and was bright and vivacious. W. B. Harrison, now secretary and treasurer of the American Dramatic Fund, contributes some interesting information concerning the little people:

NEW YORK, July 25, 1878.

EDITOR OF THE CLIPPER.—*Dear Sir:* I had a great deal to do with Lavinia and Minnie Warren. I was the lecturer who first introduced Lavinia (before Tom Thumb ever spoke to her) with Com. Nutt and the Rappahannock Drummer-boy. This was in January, 1863, when Tom Thumb was resting in Bridgeport, Ct. I exhibited Lavinia and Com. Nutt to immense crowds in Barnum's Museum, in this city. After consultation with Lavinia's parents, about the latter end of January, concerning Mr. Barnum's wish that Lavinia should be married to the General, they acquiesced, and the wedding took place Feb. 10, 1863. My wife and self were present. Com. Nutt (who had just got over the measles) was groomsman, and Minnie Warren was bridesmaid. They then had a reception at the Metropolitan Hotel. On the following Monday, I think it was Feb. 16, I introduced Minnie Warren to the public, with Com. Nutt—she was then very small, but smart, and about 12 years old. Since then Sylvester Bleecker has traveled considerably with them. Minnie's husband, Major Newell, who at that time walked about the Museum under the title of General Grant Jr. he never was much of a curiosity while Thumb and Nutt were about. He took Nutt's place in the company with Bleecker, and has grown very much. He was a good dancer and pretty good comedian. I was informed by an eminent physician that if they had children neither Lavinia nor Minnie would go through the ordeal safely. It is fortunate for Lavinia that she never had any issue

Yours truly, W. HARRISON

Maternal love was the cause of Minnie Warren's death. The physician's statement, referred to in Mr. Harrison's letter, was confirmed. Had she taken the advice of the doctor who attended her in Middleboro, her life might have been saved, but at the cost of her infant's. During her illness she expressed to a married sister the strongest confidence that she would live, and requested the sister to take her from the bed and rock her; this was done, and as Minnie reposed in her arms like an infant she again expressed the thought that she would survive. After a time a change suddenly took place, and Minnie requested that she should again be placed upon the bed, saying that she felt badly. A few minutes afterwards, without another word being spoken, her spirit peacefully winged its flight. The child was handsome and robust, and weighed six pounds. Her funeral took place on the afternoon of July 25, at the old homestead in Middleboro, about two miles from the centre of the town. Tom Thumb and wife have a country-seat directly opposite. There was such a large gathering of people from Middleboro and the surrounding towns, the most of whom had known Minnie from childhood, that only a small portion of them could be accommodated in the house. Many of these contributed floral offerings. The remains reposed in a black-walnut casket, covered with blue-silk velvet and lined with white satin, her head resting upon a pillow of roses and passion-flowers. One arm encircled her girl-baby, whose face lay close to the mother's bosom. At two o'clock the family, and as many others as could be accommodated, assembled in the parlor. Tom Thumb and wife sat near the head of the casket, and opposite was Major Newell, Minnie's husband, who made no effort to control his grief, weeping bitterly. Minnie's father and mother and brothers and sisters—all, save Lavinia, of customary stature—were grouped near by, and it is estimated that there were at least one thousand persons assembled on the lawn. A chant was sung by a choir, and Rev. Mr. Dyer, after a short prayer, made an address, in which he spoke of Minnie's kindness and sweetness of disposition. At this point Mrs. Tom Thumb fainted and was carried from the room. After another hymn had been sung, six young ladies, old friends of the deceased, took their positions as pallbearers, and the relatives took their last look at the remains. Opportunity was then afforded others present to do the same, and two hours elapsed before the last friend had passed by the casket. All were more or less affected, and there was scarcely a dry eye in the assemblage. Four young men bore the little casket to a hearse, and, followed by numerous carriages, it was taken to the village cemetery, where, after a benediction by the clergyman, the remains were lowered into the grave. We extract the following from a letter written to THE CLIPPER by P. T. Barnum, dated July 25:

I offered to pay all the expenses of her (Minnie's) board and confinement, attended by her family in Boston, Mass., in order that she should have the very best medical treatment. My offer was declined, the family preferring to leave it in the hands of their village doctor where they resid', at Middleboro, Mass

We are indebted to E. & H. T. Anthony & Co., 591 Broadway, for a photograph from which our engraving was made.

A NIGHT IN THE DOG-DAYS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY ZEKEL ALLSPICE.

Propel, gentle muse, for the "stay-at-home crowd,"
And skim o'er the joys of the wealthy and proud
Who have money to spend,
And gold bonds to cash,
And at Newport and Long Branch
Are cutting a dash.

While they pop their champagne over *parvenu* cheer,
We can see their best hand with our good lager-bier.

How dear,
Though queer,
Are the charms of "sweet home" in a fourth-story rear,
When night draws her curtain
Around the deep sky,
And fond-cherished snooze
You endeavor to try
Ere the dreaded Grimalkin
Commenceth to prowl,
And the muzzle surpreneth
The teasing dog's howl.

All the house is perfumed with a sauerkraut balm,
And the bugs (playing possum) are passive and calm;
And in gay marble halls you are ready to glide,
With vassals and serfs to await by your side,
And to happily dream like a clam at high tide.

Not yet,
You bet,
For a cry rends the air, full of accents forlorn,
From the rampaging bummer who peddles "hot corn,"

"Hot corn—
Butter on!"

And you wish that the damsel had never been born.

Then nature's restorer
Just "antes" along,
When the cheerful mosquito
Commenceth his song—

"Siz, fiz, biz,
You're in for it!"

Till at length with the pillow you charge on him blind,
Smiting wildly before, while he sneaketh behind
(Lo! the crafty mosquito is rough on the find);

Rip, slap, dash,
Crockery crash,
And the looking-glass adds to the general smash.

Still evermore,
Thirsting for gore,
You bang at the ceiling and aim at the floor,
While the cheerful mosquito escapes at the door
(Sleep nevermore).

Smiling morn
(In a horn),
For pleasantly soundeth the fog-whistle's tone,
Like square-level thunder smoothed down to a groan,
And you contrast the same with the fish-vender's rump,
And the ragman's sweet cockle-bells that chime tinky, tump.

Tooty toot,
Tinky tump.
Ah! true wrote the poet that music hath charms
To soothe the wild savage and lull war's alarms;
And how happy are they where the swift-transit cars
Keep the house in a spasm of nocturnal jars,
With the engine's shrill scream,
And the gushing of steam,
To lull them to sleep, and of earthquakes to dream.
What a source of delight,
To turn up all night,
And thank Heaven kindly they lived through the night.

AND ALL FOR WHAT?

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY BARRY CROTON.

"Eight dollars, miss."

"Couldn't you make it ten?"

"I really couldn't. You see, rings are not in much demand nowadays—in fact, nothing is in much demand. If you don't redeem this, I shall be at least three dollars out of pocket. But I have offered you eight dollars, and I'll give it to you, just out of the kindness of my heart, you see."

"Very well. I will take the money."

Mr. Phineas Gaston thereupon wrote out a ticket, dipped it into a box of sand to dry the ink, handed it to the closely-veiled young woman who was waiting in front of the desk, and turned to attend to the next applicant seeking aid in the moneyed temple of the three balls.

The veiled young woman took up the banknotes with nervous fingers, and hurried out of the shop. Even though her face was hidden, there was something in her presence which indicated the lady, and her half-frightened manner showed that she was unaccustomed to dealings with pawnbrokers. As the door closed behind her, she stood for a moment looking out upon the crowded Bowery, as if undecided what to do; then she plunged into the crowd, and, with the money still tightly clutched in her ungloved hand, walked rapidly up the street.

Mr. Phineas Gaston, having again displayed the kindness of his heart by advancing sixty cents to a half-starved woman on the security of a five-dollar shawl, and, finding a few minutes' leisure at his disposal, picked up the ring which had been pledged by the veiled young woman, and examined it critically. Not that he had lent eight dollars on any article without first satisfying himself as to the value, but this particular ring was of such peculiar design that it offered an interesting study to the pawnbroker. It was a cameo of unusual size, and cut with great nicety. The head of Minerva appeared surrounded with pearls—a dozen or more in all—and the setting of these was a piece of remarkably fine workmanship. On the inside of the heavy gold band was inscribed "R. from F."

"Fifty would be cheap for it," soliloquized Mr. Phineas Gaston as he finished his examination and fastened the ticket to the ring.

It happened the next morning that when Mr. Gaston opened the *Herald* and glanced over the column of "Rewards"—a habit which he had fallen into years before, and which he had found not altogether unprofitable—it happened, I say, that in looking over the advertisements his eye rested upon the following:

$50.0 REWARD—Will be paid for the return of the property taken Tuesday night from the private residence No. 5,5?6 Fifth avenue. No questions asked, and immunity guaranteed. Pawnbrokers who may have been offered any of the following articles will do well to communicate: One gold watch, No. 32,218, Tobias make, marked "Richard from his Mother;" one gold watch, heavy hunting case, American make, number unknown, but having the letters "R. G." engraved in a monogram on the back of case; one diamond pin, solitaire; two diamond rings, both clusters containing five stones each; a diamond brooch, set with twenty-one stones; and a cameo ring set with pearls, and marked "R. from F." Address Richard Gratton, *Herald* Uptown Office.

"So ho!" exclaimed Mr. Gaston softly to himself, and then he fell into a reflective mood, knitting his heavy brows and stroking his fat chin caressingly. The result of this reflection was that at the end of half an hour he stepped to his desk, wrote a brief letter to "Richard Gratton, *Herald* Uptown Office."

When the veiled young woman emerged from the pawnbroker's office, she made her way along the Bowery as far as Prince street, and there turned to the left. Entering one of the narrow hallways sandwiched between shops and beer-saloons, she ascended the stairs to the third story, and, taking a key from her pocket, unlocked a door and passed into one of the rear rooms. It was an uninviting apartment, with bare floors and walls, a rickety bedstead, and a few articles of cheap furniture. The girl threw off her shawl and removed the thick veil. The face disclosed to view was one of singular

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1878.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

WILLIAM SEXTON.—The demand that you should, out of the forfeit money, pay the traveling expenses of Jacob Schaefer in the late billiard match is founded neither upon sporting custom nor upon the articles of agreement for that match. Those articles roughly state that the receipts of the game in New York, as well as those of the games in Chicago and St. Louis, should be successively deposited with the stakeholder, as a cumulative fund in conjunction with the stake-money. They then provide: "The necessary traveling expenses of the players, and all necessary expenses, to be deducted from the receipts; or, if these shall be insufficient, from the main stake." Before the stake money could be touched, within the meaning of these articles, there had to be "insufficient receipts." There could be no receipts until a game had been played. It was the fault of Schaefer's backers, and not yours, that no game was played. But, besides there having been no receipts, there was never any stake-money. The "main stake" provided for in the above-quoted clause has never existed. The $1,000 a side deposited on June 3, and which you received on July 5, was expressly declared, in the articles of agreement, to be "deposited as a half-forfeit." An forfeit-money is not the main stake, it is clear that in drawing up the articles it was never contemplated that the expenses of the player whose backers were responsible for the forfeiting should come out of the forfeit-money. Had it been so contemplated, the expression "main stake or forfeit money" would undoubtedly have been used. Had there been a main stake through all the money being up, and then no game to play, the expenses of Schaefer's backers would not have had to pay Schaefer's traveling expenses; but the cost of hall, advertising, etc., you would have to pay, as you have to pay now. But you pay this, not because you are required to by the agreement (which leave it to be inferred, could this case go into a court of law, that the actual match-expenses incurred by both parties up to the time of Schaefer's backers preventing "receipts" were to be borne by both parties alike), but in spite of them, and because of sporting custom, which, since nothing to the contrary appears in the articles, exempts you from paying your opponent's personal expenses. Whatever claim to indemnification he once had under those articles was contingent upon the selling of tickets and the playing of at least one game. It is doubtful if he would have been entitled to personal expenses even had he played two games and failed to play the third. The winner could certainly have refused to play on the strong ground that his opponent's failure to carry out the articles had prevented all those "receipts" out of which said expenses were, first of all, to have come, for the articles fail to state whether the players should receive their personal expenses after the playing of every successive game, or not until all three games had been played.

J. C. R., Boston.—1. G. P. Rowell & Co. of this city publish a book that is of such a list. 2. There are two Sanfords—or were until a few days ago, when one changed her professional name. 3. The domestic affairs of professional ladies are no concern of ours. 4. Get a costumer. 5. Every American geography contains such a map. 6. "The Recess" is probably out of print. David Rizzio, like Mary Queen of Scots, was a historical character, and we would advise you to consult English history rather than novels as to both. 7. "Tip" has not been published. We do not think it has even been played. The Love Sisters advertised recently that it was written for them, and that they are shortly to produce it. Address them. 8. "Craiga Dhoui" is a fresh dramatization, by Hart Jackson, of a play familiar in England and France over thirty years ago. 9. Webster's or Worcester's Dictionary will give you a general idea of the differences between melodrama, farce, etc., etc. 10. It is a mere matter of opinion who is the best "drama lawyer" in Boston. 11. "The Queen's Evidence" is by George Conquest and Henry Pettit. Moreover, it is not new, being about twenty-six months old. 12. There are two or three "Jane Shores." The latest is by W. G. Wills. Samuel French & Son, this city, can furnish you with a copy of the earliest, which is by N. Rowe, and is "older than the hills." 13. We have not space to answer your questions as to copyrighting, and the like of that, minutely.

NO SIGNATURE, Cincinnati.—1. It should have been stated in what manner the game was drawn. As between the clubs, every game is considered a draw that is neither a victory for the club that played it nor a defeat. It is not necessarily so as to bettors. Five innings constitute a game; and if, at the end of five innings, this game was stopped by rain or darkness, you lose. But if it was abandoned by mutual consent—to allow, for example, one or both clubs to catch a train, as is often the case—then the bet is off, as it would also be in case rain or darkness should stop the game before full innings had been played. So much as to ordinary bets. 2. But this appears to have been a pool-room bet, and to have been decided by pool-room authority. That decision must stand. There cannot be an appeal in the pool-room, and another opinion of it, to cover the same ticket. That would be giving the sharper better two chances—to accept the pool room decision when it is in his favor, and to go elsewhere for a decision when the pool-room is against him.

REGULAR READER, Huntsdale.—"1. Man on 3d base, man on 2d base, man on 1st base. One man out; batter hits the ball to Pfaff, who touches man running to 3d base and touches 2d base, making double-play; man on 3d base runs home. Does that run count? 2. Ball strikes fair ground; batter, in dropping his bat, hits ball with bat and knocks the ball to foul ground. Is the ball fair or foul? 3. Catcher misses 3d strike; batter runs to first; catcher in throwing ball to first hits the runner. Is the runner out? 4. Umpire call three strikes in succession "....." 1. The run does not count, inasmuch as the third man out was "forced out." 2. It was a fair ball, the bat striking it being an accident. 3. No. 4. Yes, if the third strike was declared a fair strike.

D. A. S., Albany.—1. Geo. W. Lee the oarsman was born at Scriba, Oswego Co., N. Y., June 11, 1856, stands 5ft. 10in. in height, and weighs 170lb. 2. L. Playford's weight was 170lb when he rowed at Henley this year. 3 pounds less than he scaled last year at the same regatta. 3. C. Edwards-Moss weighed 167lb when he rowed in the University race this Spring. 2. To the best of our knowledge, he was signed for a race between Hanlan and Courtney. 3 We do not know any more about that than you do. 4. The winner could go to England afterwards if he wanted to, and row during the Winter, if he chose, or could secure a match; the weather would not prevent rowing. 5. Wallace Ross was born Feb. 20, 1857.

CONSTANT READER, Boston.—Several proportions of about a gallon of clam-chowder, which can be seasoned with catsup, etc., to suit individual taste: Take one-quarter of a pound of salt pork, cut into small pieces, and fry in the frying-pan, pour it into two quarts of boiling water. Then add a dozen of tomatoes, a small bunch of parsley, a bunch of thyme, one quart of onions, one quart of potatoes, and one quart of solid clams (the latter can be obtained from the fishmongers). All these must be chopped fine. Now add four pilot-biscuits, broken up fine, two tablespoonfuls of salt, and one of black pepper. Place cover with water and clam liquor, and cook for two hours over a slow fire. The slow fire is the grand secret of toothsome chowder.

AIR-BRAKE, Pittsburg.—1. No. The contestants in the first heats of the professional sculling matches at the National Regatta were Hanlan, Coulter and Thomas. Morris, Higgins and Luther rowed in the fourth heat, the two last mentioned finishing, and the referee ordering them to row over next day. Higgins refused to obey, and Luther rowed over the course alone. 2. Higgins did not row in the final heat, which was between Hanlan and Alex. Brayley, the former winning. The first prize was $400, Plaisted and Luther in the second round of the trial heats.

J. S. R., Johnsonville.—Inasmuch as the infield of a ball ground is ninety feet square—that is, it is ninety feet from home base to first, first to second, etc.—it follows that at least double that space would be requisite. The catcher's fence is distant ninety feet from the home-base, to begin with, and the centre-field fence is another hundred distance from second base. An ordinary ball-field should be three hundred feet wide by four hundred feet long.

J. S. B., Pittsburg.—1. A pool could claim out before he took in that trick; but, as a penalty for doing so, he would lose the game if, without counting the ace in that trick, he had not enough to put him out. No player can call out on the strength of a trick he has taken in, for the reason that he may not be possible for his opponent to capture that trick. 2. He who first calls out is out, provided he can show enough, first, he loses the game for overcalling.

F. M., Chicago.—1. The Shoo-wae-cae matte crew won the senior four-oared race three years ago, at the regatta of the N. W. B. A. in 1876. They were beaten that year by the Northwesterns at Saratoga. 2. They did not row at the Centennial Regatta.

J. F. S., Newport.—Thanks. In cutting cards, where no particular game is contemplated, the cards have only their natural value, viz., ace to king in a full deck, and seven to king in a short deck, king being high.

EUGENE, Baltimore.—Trinity Church property, this city, belongs to Trinity Church corporation. There are claimants and litigants, of course; for lawyers would starve, were there not litigants to almost everything of value.

W. E. G., Harrisburg.—There is no fixed charge, as the game is not one of wide adoption. Roomkeepers should regulate the price so as to make it about as remunerative as ball-pool. Five cents a life is usually the charge.

R. E. J., Philadelphia.—The words of "The Star-spangled Banner" were written by Phillip S. Key, a prisoner in Fort McHenry, Baltimore, Sept. 13, 1814, while that place was being bombarded by the British fleet.

W. O. H. AND A. M. D.—1. It has been computed that there are upwards of three thousand different languages, over eight hundred of which have about five thousand dialects. 2. The Irish is a language.

A. B. C., Virginia.—There is but one way to secure fast ing accounts, and that is to commence by playing general utility and working your way up. Try and get such an engagement at the theatre in your city.

C. R. K., Hamilton.—Ordinarily, a bet cannot be withdrawn except with the consent of both parties. There are exceptions to this rule, however. You should have stated the case.

H. H. S., Prince Agne.—The pitcher had a right to call for a substitute. The decision was correct. The club refusing to allow a substitute, and thereby practically refusing to continue the game, forfeited by 9 to 0.

MONTAGUE, On the Cars.—The only man to run for A's money is John Manning of the Boston Baseball Club. There is no chance for A to claim a draw on the ground that there has been a misunderstanding.

W. F. S., West Lebanon.—It is not improbable that such a proposition was made. All sorts of wild propositions are continually being made. As it amounted to nothing, that ended it.

TOM C., Brooklyn.—Faulkner and Reagan defeated the Wards (Josh and Gil) in the second heat of the pair-oared race at the Centennial Regatta. In the final heat Faulkner and Reagan beat Gyves and Thomas of London.

OLD HOUSE AT HOME, Paterson.—A gold two-handled cup was run for when Lang and Richards made their memorable dead heat in the mile race at Royal Oak Park, Manchester, Eng., Aug. 19, 1865.

W. H. R., Washington.—Mrs. Zelda Seguin is to be of the Hess' Opera Company next season. Your letter addressed to her in care of this office will reach her.

F. H., Phila.—A wins the game. It is not to be prolonged for half an hour or for all day in the hope that A will get a "scratch."

H. J. F., Springfield.—We presume you mean coal-gas for illuminating purposes. It was first so applied by a Mr. Murdoch, in Cornwall, Eng., in 1792.

J. M. C., Toronto.—You cannot go alone on any trump not fixed by yourself either through ordering up, voluntarily taking up, or making.

J. L., Corydon.—1. Send 50 cents to Ed. James for "The Modern Gymnast." 2. We know nothing of him. 3. *The Ledger* job office, Philadelphia, Pa.

F. G., Pittsburg.—At the last U. S. census, taken in 1870, the population of your city and Louisville, Ky., were respectively 86,235 and 100,753.

SENATOR, Buffalo.—1. American Girl died at Elmira, N. Y., Oct. 3, 1875. 2. Cincinnati had a professional baseball club in 1876.

J. C. R., Cleveland.—Have not heard of her in some time, and cannot now recall whether she is dead, has had her name changed, or has quit.

E. B. K., Rochester.—The game having been mutually abandoned when it was possible to continue it, the bet is off.

CONSTANT READER.—If the conditions of the articles were strictly complied with, the pigeon that flew the distance in the quickest time won.

DAN VAN PATTEN, Mt. Pleasant, Portville.—1. Joe Coburn's moustache was of a dark-brown color, somewhat lighter than his hair. 2. No record.

J. H. S., Baltimore.—Only the player who made the trump could go alone, in the absence of an understanding to the contrary.

E. W. H., Troy.—We do not remember hearing his name coupled with the word; do not think it was, but will answer positively next week.

FRENCHY JOHNSON, Cambridge.—You would have one hundred shots, the ten deaths and three wilds already added to the number killed out of the hundred shot at.

J. D. LOVEJOY, Big Rapids.—The party who broke his hold when being thrown lost the fall; the other was not required to "hang on" to him after that.

CONSTANT READER, Edenburg.—Tom Allen and George Rooke were matched to fight in this country, but never met in the ring.

READER, De Soto.—1. Johnny Dwyer. 2. Such portraits may in time appear. 3. Write to the editor of *Louisville Courier-Journal*.

C. H., Rockland.—The competitor who refused to obey the order of the judges or referee to row over thereby forfeited all claim to a prize.

JOHN SMITH.—A letter addressed to Con Mooney at the General P. O., San Francisco, Cal., will doubtless reach him.

GILMAN.—Manning the pedestrian and Manning the baseball-player are two different persons.

W. HURLEY, Ft. Walsh.—1. No record of time by those men. 2. Not customary to use weights.

WM. DUNNE, Chicago.—1. Best stand forward jump, 13ft. 7in. 2. Joe Greaves, in England. 3. No authentic record.

DAVE.—John C. Heenan died at Green-river Station, on U. P. R. R., in Wyoming Territory, Oct. 25, 1873.

J. B. O., Worthington.—Write to W. P. Spaulding, Neponset, Mass. He can supply you.

WASHINGTON.—A player who is either ordered up or assisted cannot go alone.

J. W. C., Utica.—The Dauntless Club turn it is to play must draw all the pieces. 2. High deals at euchre.

L. E. S.—A letter addressed to him in our care will reach him.

DECLINED—"Fort McKinney Mud," "Truly Yours," "Midsummer Flowers."

G. T., St. Louis.—On the Mexican border That is, it was there when we first heard of it.

PEL, Louisville.—C is out on his high, having made the so swiftly that no batter can see it, much less hit it. Also an umpire whose decisions shall be equally acceptable to both nines, whose judgment shall never be at fault, and whose rulings shall never be questioned. Also a —— but we forbear. We do not want to give Mr. Edison too much work all at once. When he has succeeded in carrying out the foregoing suggestions, THE CLIPPER will be prepared so point out other useful inventions. Meantime, to show how unselfish is our interest in this matter, we thus publicly declare that we shall refuse to accept any royalty on these inventions. Mr. Edison may reap all the benefit after he has perfected them.

THINGS in the International and League arenas are decidedly interesting just now, the struggle for first place being close and exciting. Our table shows the standing of the various contestants up to and including July 28. There should be some rare playing from this time out between the leading teams.

WELL, we are going to make it warm for the Columbia boys when they get back, Mayor Ely endorsing the Board of Aldermen's resolution to give our oarsmen a fitting reception. For the time, at least, the sons of Columbia will be of more importance than a baseball curve-pitcher.

JAY COOKE & Co., whose failure a few years ago ruined so many persons and opened the panic that has resulted in so much suffering, have not lost their cunning, but are endeavoring to bridge the chasm so that they may pass over in safety, while their creditors are kept under water.

IT MAY not be out of place, now that steamboat excursions are so popular, to suggest that too many beers will incapacitate a person from sitting steadily and composedly on the boat's railing. Better take a reserved seat on deck.

AFTER the hot wave had cooled down, and New York was nice and comfortable, telegrams began to pour in from the watering-places, informing us of the low state of the temperature there. "They all do it."

SHOULD Boston form itself into a company for belting such men as Tappan of the Boston Belting Company, perhaps repetitions of Tappan's "irregularittes" might be prevented.

ALTHOUGH the ice-dealers didn't increase their rates in the days of 90, nevertheless they managed to get two pounds out of every pound of ice they sold. Big thing on ice.

NOT succeeding in making a failure of the peach-crop owing to frost, breeders of this delicious fruit hope to trace its failure to the recent hot spell.

LAST WINTER great public interest was manifested in our dog-show, but this Summer the dogs have no show at all.

DID you ever notice what an ugly mouth a fish has? Next time you go a-fishing, try and catch one, and examine it.

BEACONSFIELD AND SALISBURY have garter an order for an extra-order-nary pair of garters, suitably inscribed.

SOME HINTS TO EDISON.

Mr. Edison has already given proof of the possession of remarkable inventive powers. What with the phonograph and telephone and microphone and numerous other phones, he has led a confiding public to believe that he can work miracles without trouble. The deaf turn to him to find their hearing, and the blind are hopefully looking forward to restored vision. Even the elevated railway beseeches him to discover some means whereby trains may be run without making a noise; and everybody who is suffering from physical deformity, or midnight cats, or broken banks, or debts, or, in fact, any of the evils natural to man, cherishes the hope that the New Jersey inventor will produce something to meet the demands of his individual case. As suggestions seem to be in order, we take the liberty of offering a few for Mr. Edison's careful consideration.

If the inventor could produce a mechanical dramatic critic, whose opinions should be alike satisfactory to the actors, the author, the public, and the managers of rival houses, he would win undying fame. Not that there is any pressing need of more critics—we are all critics, nowadays, from gallery to parquet—but a critical machine, so constructed as to please everybody, would be an innovation destined to revolutionize the stage. Think of it! No more jealousies, nor bickerings, nor newspaper strife, but all lamblike gentleness and mutual admiration and placid serenity! Then, after the mechanical critic shall have been perfected, Mr. Edison may turn his mind to another invention, equally as wonderful. This is a successful star who shall accept and produce every new play submitted to him. The star's life must of necessity be prolonged somewhat beyond the allotted limit of threescore years and ten, and he may be forced to perform six or seven plays in an evening in order to keep abreast of the steady influx of original dramas; but these will be trivial obstacles for the great inventor to overcome, when he remembers what blessings will be showered upon his head by ten thousand crushed playwrights.

Only less marvelous than these will be the invention of a ticket-speculator anxious to dispose of choice seats for a smaller sum than is charged at the box-office. Here Mr. Edison's inventive skill will be put to a severe test. With patience, however, he may be able to solve the problem, and a grateful public buying orchestra-chairs of speculators for twenty-five cents less than the regular price will remember him in their prayers. When he has mastered the speculator, the Menlo Park magician may profitably turn his attention to a new type of manager, whose arithmetical skill shall enable him to perceive that it is better to sell one thousand tickets at fifty cents apiece than one hundred at a dollar and a half. If time should still hang heavy on his hands, Mr. Edison might give us a song-and-dance performer who is not an "artist;" a "super" who is not qualified to play leading parts; a serio-comic singer who is not "beautiful;" a dizzy blonde whose eyes are not black; a bareback rider who is not a "champion;" a newspaper man who pays his way into a theatre; and an actor, of high degree or low, who does not call "my" "me."

After the foregoing suggestions, we really feel a little backward about throwing out any further hints. However, now that we are about it, it may be well to give Mr. Edison the full benefit of our fruitful ideas. Suppose he succeeds in accomplishing the tasks already pointed out, what will there be to prevent him from working equal wonders in the sporting world? Manifestly nothing. We shall look to him, therefore, to invent a machine by which the possessor may determine with absolute certainty which horse is destined to win, and regulate his bets accordingly. The advantages of such a contrivance need not be pointed out. And if the machine could be so enlarged in its scope as to foretell, also, the under card in the box, its usefulness would be greatly enhanced. Indeed, such an invention would do more to solve the financial problem than any theory which the statesmen have yet advanced. The thousands who are now living in enforced idleness would straightway find congenial and profitable employment. With one of these invaluable machines, and capital enough to purchase a single check, the homeless wanderer might soon accumulate a comfortable fortune. Of course it would not do to let the dealer know of this invention, and it would perhaps be well to make it a crime, punishable by death, for anybody to divulge the secret. Mr. Edison might also give us a phenomenal baseball-pitcher—something in the line of mechanism which shall pitch a ball

*** 27: The Marquis of Lorne successor to Lord Dufferin as Governor-General of Canada.....Rifles have been furnished the Washington police, and other preparations made to prevent any further riots.....Work in the Schuylkill region will be suspended Aug. 5.....Two hill mining region will be suspended Aug. 5.....Two hill prisoners attempting to escape from the State prison at Concord, Mass., brought down by the rifles of the guards.....Thomas Darque thrown to the bottom of a coal shaft in Steubenville, O., and killed.....Constable of La Salle assassin arrested in Montreal.....Cable: Osman Pasha ordered work on the Constantinople entrenchments to be discontinued; Russia is still negotiating for the purchase of fast steamers; Greece and Turkey both seeking outside aid.....City: Geo. C. Randolph was held July 27 for attempting to blackmail William Simpson Jr.; the Socialists had an agitation-meeting; a kerosene-lamp explosion in a street-car; F. J. Devinney, when asked for his fare on a street-car, fires three shots at the driver, and is arrested; Wm. O'Neill, a newsboy, rescues a young child from drowning.....Fires: Gaff, Fleischman & Co.'s yeast-establishment, Newark, N. J.—loss $4,500.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

ALEXANDER, Henry—A native of Northfield, Mass., and when a young man was engaged in business in Brooklyn, N. Y., where he was likewise identified with politics. For the past twenty-five years he had resided in Springfield, Mass., and was a long time the vice-president of the Second National Bank, formerly known as the Springfield. As a Republican, he was elected Alderman of that city in 1857 and 1858, and Mayor in 1860 and 1864, and a member of the State Senate from 1865 to 1868. In 1874 he was nominated for Congress, but was defeated by Chester W. Chapin. Several children survive, as also does his wife, who was a sister of the late Samuel Bowles of *The Springfield Republican*—Springfield, July 24, aged 65.

APPLETON, Georgiana L.—Wife of William Stuart Appleton, formerly of Baltimore, Md., and daughter of Lieut.-Gen. George Armistead, U. S. A.—this city, July 25.

ACKERLY, Charles R. C.—A well-known Virginia printer —New Orleans, La., July 22.

BEALS, Rev. John C.—Born in Norfolk, Eng., studied medicine under Sir Astley Cooper, went to Mexico with an English mining company, remained in that country ten years and married a Spanish lady, and about forty years ago came to that city, where he built up a large practice, and for ten years was president of the St. George's Society. His wife died about five years ago. His son married a daughter of Eugene Kelly the banker—this city, July 25, aged 75.

BARNI, Jules Romain—A distinguished French litterateur and philosopher, who was born at Lille, France, June 18, 1818—at that country, about July 5.

BURKE, Edgar—A leading citizen of Nashua, N. H., where he was identified with the fire department and the city government, and also with the Masonic fraternity—there, July 22.

BROOKS, Lorin—One of the oldest boot and shoe dealers in this city, having started in business here over a half century ago. He was born at Danbury, Ct., in 1802, was an Oddfellow, had been an active Mason, and at one time was a member of the Common Council of Jersey City.—there, July 27.

BONNELL, Lewis—Formerly a merchant in this city—Rondout, N. Y., July 26.

BRAINERD, Amasa—A member of the Jersey City Yacht Club, and also of the Veteran Corps of the Seventh Regiment of this city—Jersey City, July 28, aged 63.

BOYD, H. Brewster—For many years head timekeeper of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, Philadelphia—there, July 21.

CROES, Rev. Robert B., D.D.—Yonkers, N. Y., July 22, aged 77.

CREEL, Dr. David—One of the jurors in the famous trial of Aaron Burr for treason—Chilliocothe, O., about July 20.

COCHRAN, H. Ray—A pioneer of Sacramento County, and of prominence there in Democratic politics—Tiffin, O., July 24.

CANTEL, Lazare—Born at Autun, France, Dec. 11, 1793, and entered under Napoleon I in the Lancers of the Guard. He was in the French Army upwards of twenty-two years, and received the bronze medal of St. Helena. In 1836 he came to this country, entering into business as a manufacturer of leather trunks, hat-boxes, etc. In 1856-7 the American Institute awarded him diplomas for his "patent life-preserving trunks." In 1867 he made a sole-leather trunk for the Emperor Napoleon III, in the cabin in which he was buried. Three years later he made a similar one for his daughter-in-law, who has no intention of being buried in it—this city, July 26, aged 85.

DOYLE—Died in Waterford, Ireland, in 1776. Her maiden name being Hayes. She was the mother of eleven children, eight of whom survive, one (James) having been the father of the late Archbishop of Baltimore's Church, this city. Her husband lived to the age of ninety-three years—this city, July 23, aged nearly 102.

DOTY, Sarah M.—Widow of the well known Warren S. Doty—Detroit, July 23, aged 67.

DOWNING, Mrs. Frances F.—Widow of Major Dennis J. Downing, U. S. A.—Washington, D. C., July 22.

DIX, Frank—Born in this city, July 26, 1859; nine years president of the First National Bank of Newark, N. J., and was the father-in law of City-treasurer Winans of that city —there, July 26.

ELDRIDGE, Capt. J. D.—A native of Cape May, N. J., and supercargo of the steamer Millie Trim, on which vessel he died—Guiria, Venezuela, July 18.

FOSTER, Charlotte—Sister of Charles J. Foster, editor of *The London Times*, was born at Bicester, Oxfordshire, Eng., and, with her brother and another sister, had resided in this country many years, of late at Astoria, L. I.—this city, July 26, aged 70.

FOSTER, John—Brother of the late Samuel Bowles of *The Springfield Republican*—Springfield, July 24, aged 65.

FRENCH JOHNSON, Cambridge.—You would have one hundred shots, the ten deaths and three wilds already added to the number killed out of the hundred shot at.

J. D. LOVEJOY, Big Rapids.—The party who broke his hold when being thrown lost the fall; the other was not required to "hang on" to him after that.

CONSTANT READER, Edenburg.—Tom Allen and George Rooke were matched to fight in this country, but never met in the ring.

READER, De Soto.—1. Johnny Dwyer. 2. Such portraits may in time appear. 3. Write to the editor of *Louisville Courier-Journal*.

C. H., Rockland.—The competitor who refused to obey the order of the judges or referee to row over thereby forfeited all claim to a prize.

JOHN SMITH.—A letter addressed to Con Mooney at the General P. O., San Francisco, Cal., will doubtless reach him.

GILMAN.—Manning the pedestrian and Manning the baseball-player are two different persons.

W. HURLEY, Ft. Walsh.—1. No record of time by those men. 2. Not customary to use weights.

WM. DUNNE, Chicago.—1. Best stand forward jump, 13ft. 7in. 2. Joe Greaves, in England. 3. No authentic record.

DAVE.—John C. Heenan died at Green-river Station, on U. P. R. R., in Wyoming Territory, Oct. 25, 1873.

J. B. O., Worthington.—Write to W. P. Spaulding, Neponset, Mass. He can supply you.

WASHINGTON.—A player who is either ordered up or assisted cannot go alone.

J. W. C., Utica.—The Dauntless Club turn it is to play must draw all the pieces. 2. High deals at euchre.

L. E. S.—A letter addressed to him in our care will reach him.

DECLINED—"Fort McKinney Mud," "Truly Yours," "Midsummer Flowers."

G. T., St. Louis.—On the Mexican border That is, it was there when we first heard of it.

PEL, Louisville.—C is out on his high, having made the so swiftly that no batter can see it, much less hit it. Also an umpire whose decisions shall be equally acceptable to both nines, whose judgment shall never be at fault, and whose rulings shall never be questioned. Also a —— but we forbear. We do not want to give Mr. Edison too much work all at once. When he has succeeded in carrying out the foregoing suggestions, THE CLIPPER will be prepared so point out other useful inventions. Meantime, to show how unselfish is our interest in this matter, we thus publicly declare that we shall refuse to accept any royalty on these inventions. Mr. Edison may reap all the benefit after he has perfected them.

THINGS in the International and League arenas are decidedly interesting just now, the struggle for first place being close and exciting. Our table shows the standing of the various contestants up to and including July 28. There should be some rare playing from this time out between the leading teams.

WELL, we are going to make it warm for the Columbia boys when they get back, Mayor Ely endorsing the Board of Aldermen's resolution to give our oarsmen a fitting reception. For the time, at least, the sons of Columbia will be of more importance than a baseball curve-pitcher.

JAY COOKE & Co., whose failure a few years ago ruined so many persons and opened the panic that has resulted in so much suffering, have not lost their cunning, but are endeavoring to bridge the chasm so that they may pass over in safety, while their creditors are kept under water.

IT MAY not be out of place, now that steamboat excursions are so popular, to suggest that too many beers will incapacitate a person from sitting steadily and composedly on the boat's railing. Better take a reserved seat on deck.

AFTER the hot wave had cooled down, and New York was nice and comfortable, telegrams began to pour in from the watering-places, informing us of the low state of the temperature there. "They all do it."

SHOULD Boston form itself into a company for belting such men as Tappan of the Boston Belting Company, perhaps repetitions of Tappan's "irregularittes" might be prevented.

ALTHOUGH the ice-dealers didn't increase their rates in the days of 90, nevertheless they managed to get two pounds out of every pound of ice they sold. Big thing on ice.

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NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

*** July 22: It has been discovered that the Mormons are selling arms to Indians and promoting outbreaks.....The Boston Belting Company suspends, owing to "irregularities" by J. G. Tappan, the treasurer—$400,000 missing.....Montreal's mob not yet quiet, and numerous cases of attacks by Orangemen upon Catholics.....Beached Spanish Sample murdered and robbed, twelve persons in all, in Tipah County, Miss.....General Mackenzie again in Mexico.....Robert J. and Chas. P. Lesson of this city accidentally drowned in Lake Lauderdale, Miss.....Mrs. Hall Becker crushed to death by a two-ton limestone at Chambers' coal bank, Wheeling, W. Va.....A revolution has broken out in Hayti.....Several Indians fleeced by Indians fleeced before the troops.....Cool weather and storms.....A boiler exploded on B. Wessel's farm, near St. Louis, Mo., killing three men and wounding four others.....A boy named Green, driving a team, shot by train-hands at Dunbury, Ct., for refusing to give up the horses.....A storm and earthquake at St. Thomas—buildings leveled and many persons injured.....Cable: The sultan's son-in-law shot dead by the sultan; the Italian Government will not permit any military demonstration against Austria; business outlook in England bright; Beaconsfield rewarded with the Order of the Garter; reinforcements for Shir Ali's army; July 27: Rumored evacuation of Turkey to begin in six weeks; Turkey appeals for aid from foreign capitalists.....City: Charles Reicholdt, a patient in the Lunatic Asylum on Blackwell's Island, scalded to death in a bath-tub; Mary Armstrong thrown down a third-story window by her husband and fatally injured; counterfeit $10 bills on the Consolidated Bank of Canada, stolen eighteen months ago, first appearing in New York.....Fires: The business portion of the town of Cattlesburg, Ky., destroyed—loss $200,000—very little insurance; the Sayre Female College, Lexington, Ky.; the town of Conway, Pa.—loss $20,000; M. Burke's house, Springfield, Mass., loss $1,000.

*** July 23: J. G. Tappan pronounces the main charges against him false, and declares his ability to meet his obligations.....Disturbances in East St. Louis, Mo.—two fights between the opposing police factions—railroad laborers discharged from work—several arrests made.....A vigilance committee in Wetzel County, W. Va., tear down a whiskey-ranch, horsewhip a man and drive others out of the State.....Ella Fairburns of Harper Dustick, N. J., having her eyeball knocked out by a hard board of the bed.....End of the Mexican revolution—General Escobedo captured by the regular troops.....The town of San Miguel, Mexico, destroyed by fire—over five from San Pablo—the invaders all massacred.....W. Hopkins, living near the Fluvanna Court-house, W. Va., kills his wife, mother-in-law, child, and then himself.....E. T. Sweezy, a defaulting cashier from Pennsylvania, found in his house occupied by burglars, who were captured in bed.....Cable: Considerable trouble anticipated by the Austrians in the Herzegovina on account of the Turks dwelling in their demands; Shumla taken possession of by the Russians; a Russian corps ordered home; betrothal of the Duke of Connaught (Queen Victoria's third son) with Princess Louise, which both parties object to; Russia availing Lords Beaconsfield and Salisbury and Mr. Layard.

*** July 24: A political speech the cause of two men being killed at New Bern, N. C.....Rifle companies ordered to be extradited to the United States from Toronto, Ont., to prove an alibi by the spoils of a robbery committed in Canada on the day in question.....John Shannefly, the absconding treasurer of Worcester, Mass., $50,000.....Bear escapes from Trenton (N. J.) Asylum.....A 12-foot fly-wheel in Painter & Son's hoop-mills, Pittsburg, Pa., burst, completely wrecking the building.....Seven convicts escaped.....Congressman Harrison of Illinois discovered not to have been elected last Fall by the certified returns.....Everything quiet in St. Louis, but the situation continues critical.....Arrival of Hayti's new Minister, Mr. Incombrie.....A farmer near Faribault, Minn., shot and killed two tramps whom he caught firing a harvesting machine.....A junction between Montenegrin forces—he refusing to force following the fleeing hostile Indians.....The connection legislature have passed a bill punishing tramps with imprisonment from fifteen months to five years.....Cable: Cholera in the Herzegovina; Austria preparing for incendiary, continue to devastate the country; the Duke of Cumberland informed the German sovereign that he maintained his right to the throne of Hanover, though for the present he will only bear his ducal title; Lord Beaconsfield's France should be pleased with many things in the Berlin Treaty; the Turks are leaving Herzegovina; the Egyptian cotton crop.....Disastrous floods in Dauphin County, Pa., burned to death by recklessly using benzine for household purposes; Mrs. Mary Coggins found dead in the yard in the rear of her house, having fallen or been thrown from a fourth-story window.....Fires: Loss on Fruit Company's buildings—loss $20,000; Johnson Manufacturing Company, North Adams, Mass.—loss $10,000; Eagle saw-mill, Ashland, Pa.—loss $25,000; Hotel Dieu, Byng Inlet, Ont.—loss $75,000; a number of buildings at Canabruck Centre, Ont.—loss $25,000; Collins & Co.'s tannery, at Bridgewater, N. S.—loss $25,000.

*** July 25: Rev. C. C. Miller of Gouverneur, N. Y., who was being prosecuted on the charge of bastardy, leaves his bondsmen and the town.....The Deadwood coach, on its way to Cheyenne, robbed by masked men.....Gladstone's criticisms sneered at; significant negotiations now going on between England and Turkey; the Chinese Ambassador to London seriously injured by a carriage collision; Lord Alfred Paget's son, Arthur Henry, married in London to Minnie, a daughter of the late Paran Stevens of New York.....City: An experimental train ran over the eastern branch of the New York Elevated Railroad.....Wm. Regney, a blind beggar, with money in the bank, beats his wife and starves his son.....Fires: Barto, Wright & Co.'s building, in West Twelfth street, this city—loss $13,000; Germania Assembly Rooms, Newark, N. J.—loss $4,000.

AQUATIC.

TWO-MILE SWIM.

The amateur championship and a gold medal were contested for in a swimming race on the Harlem River July 27, the principals being W. R. Weissenborn (holder) and T. J. Kitching, who met last year, the latter suffering defeat. Weissenborn is 22 years old, 5ft. 8in. in height, and weighs in condition 160lb; Kitching, 19 years old, 5ft. 8in., 127lb. Both men are very expert in the practice of the art natatorial, and had trained carefully for the contest. The course was two miles straightaway, from Gates' lumber-dock up stream to High Bridge, two miles, and the men took water from the bow of a boat in midstream simultaneously, and for a short distance Kitching was slightly ahead, both men using the side stroke; but Weissenborn was soon level, and a spurt placed him in front by a few feet in front. An unswerving effort by Kitching enabled him to recover the lost distance, however, and at the half-mile he was a couple of yards in advance, which lead he increased to ten yards in the next quarter, having kept up a very fast stroke. Weissenborn soon afterwards, by persistent spurting, began to open the gap, but was not quite able to reach Kitching until after the second mile had been well cut into, the latter then beginning to show the effects of the pace, and Weissenborn, coming along hand-over-hand, led at the fifth quarter by a half-dozen lengths. He seemed considerably stronger than his lighter opponent, and, from the way in which he left his man, caused his friends to consider the money they had put on him well invested, he finishing the mile in 26m. 45s., with a lead of more than a dozen yards. The sequel, however, proved that there is no sure as a certainty, for shortly afterwards he was seized with a cramp in one of his legs, and struggling with it for a few minutes, was obliged to call for assistance, he being taken on board the referee's boat and thence conveyed to a hotel, where proper attention restored him, he finishing the distance in 54min. 57⅘sec., and securing a victory at a time when defeat appeared a foregone conclusion.

LEE AND THE WINGFIELD SCULLS.

Concerning the refusal to allow George W. Lee to compete for the amateur championship of the Thames, we find the following in *The Pall Mall Gazette*: "The announcement that the American sculler Lee desired to compete for the English amateur championship has raised the question whether the rules of the competition would admit him. A council has been held, composed of old competitors, and they, fortified by an opinion from J. W. Chitty, Q. C., have come to the conclusion that the rules of the Wingfield Sculls make the American ineligible as a competitor. It seems matter for regret that the rules should bear this meaning. If the American had been refused recognition on the ground that he was not an amateur, there would have been nothing to say against it; but if Henley admits him as an amateur, it is more satisfactory that he should be allowed to test himself fully against English amateurs. The prestige of the Wingfield Sculls is the higher in proportion as the area of competition for the prize is extended. There may be no room for doubt that Lee (who is the champion through Edwards-Moss to Lee) could easily beat the American over the champion course, yet Americans will not easily be persuaded of the fact, and will think that our oarsmen are afraid of the new rules of the race stand, we must bow to the decision of the meeting, but we would gladly see another year some alteration. The donor of the Sculls is, we believe, alive and well, and with him his consent the rules could be made to admit the amateurs of the world. The prize could then in no case be allowed to leave the kingdom, and should, if won by a foreigner, be deposited in his consulate. If this were done, the prestige of the Wingfield Sculls would be, what the donor no doubt intends them practically to be, that of the championship of the amateur world."

MADISON YACHT CLUB.

The eighth annual regatta of the Madison Yacht Club was held on Fourth Lake, Madison, Wis., July 24, 25; competitors from Chicago, Milwaukee and Madison club. Fifteen

BASEBALL.

MATCHES TO BE PLAYED.

Baseball.

LEAGUE GAMES.

July 30, Chicago vs. Indianapolis, at St. Louis.
July 30, Milwaukee vs. Boston, at Boston.
July 30, Cincinnati vs. Providence, at Providence.
July 31, Cincinnati vs. New Bedford, at New Bedford.
Aug. 1, Cincinnati vs. Providence, at Providence.
Aug. 1, Milwaukee vs. Boston, at Boston.
Aug. 1, Chicago vs. Indianapolis, at St. Louis.
Aug. 3, Cincinnati vs. Providence, at Providence.
Aug. 3, Milwaukee vs. Boston, at Boston.

INTERNATIONAL GAMES.

July 29, Manchester vs. Utica, at Utica.
July 29, Worcester vs. Hornell, at Hornellsville.
July 29, Springfield vs. Rochester, at Rochester.
July 30, Lowell vs. Star, at Syracuse.
July 30, Lowell vs. Star, at Syracuse.
July 30, Springfield vs. Tecumseh, at London.
July 31, Springfield vs. Tecumseh, at London.
July 31, Lowell vs. Utica, at Utica.
Aug. 1, Worcester vs. Star, at Syracuse.
Aug. 1, Springfield vs. Buffalo, at Buffalo.
Aug. 2, Worcester vs. Star, at Syracuse.
Aug. 2, Springfield vs. Buffalo, at Buffalo.
Aug. 3, Worcester vs. Utica, at Utica.

LOCAL GAMES.

July 29, Jersey City vs. Athletic, at Centennial Grounds.
July 29, New York vs. Keystone, at Union Grounds.
July 30, Waterbury vs. Hudson, at Capitoline Grounds.
July 30, Hickory vs. Astor, at Union Grounds.
July 30, Osseo vs. Star, at Syracuse.
July 30, Columbia vs. White Star, at Hoboken.
July 31, Jersey City vs. Osceola, at Centennial Grounds.
July 31, New York vs. Astor, at Union Grounds.
Aug. 1, Jersey City vs. Athletic, at Centennial Grounds.
Aug. 3, Nameless vs. Continental, at Prospect Park.

OTHER GAMES.

July 31, Hoboken vs. Stottsville, at Stottsville.
Aug. 1, Astor vs. Amity, at Carmansville.
Aug. 2 (1 P. M.), Witoka vs. Scottsville, at Stottsville.
Aug. 2 (3.30 P. M.), Witoka vs. Hudson, at Hudson.
Aug. 3, Witoka vs. Haymaker, at Troy.
Aug. 3, Jersey City vs. Union of New Brunswick, at Centennial Grounds.
July 29, Athletic vs. Schuster, at Philadelphia.
July 29, Westboro vs. New Bedford, at New Bedford.
July 29, Amity vs. Monitor, at Waterbury, Ct.
July 30, Manchester vs. Haymaker, at Lansingburg.
July 30, Westboro vs. New Bedford, at Fall River.
July 30, Worcester vs. Oswego, at Oswego.
July 31, Manchester vs. Auburn, at Auburn.
July 31, General Worth vs. Brockton, at Brockton, Mass.
July 31, Active of Janesville, Wis., vs. Forest City, at Rockford, Ill.
July 31, Howard of Brockton vs. Natick, at Natick, Mass.
Aug. 1, New Bedford vs. Westboro, at Westboro.
Aug. 1, 2, Utica vs. Rochester, at Rochester (exhibition).
Aug. 2, General Worth vs. Clinton, at Clinton.
Aug. 2, New Bedford vs. Westboro, at Worcester.
Aug. 2, Wikeska (Wis.) vs. Forest City, at Rockford, Ill.
Aug. 3, General Worth vs. Hudson, at Hudson.
Aug. 3, New Bedford vs. Clinton, at Clinton.
Aug. 3, Boston College vs. Natick, at Natick, Mass.
Aug. 3, Springfield vs. Forest City, at Cleveland.

Cricket.

July 30, Peninsular of Detroit vs. Staten Island, at Staten Island.
July 31, Merion vs. St. George, at Hoboken.
Aug. 1, Merion vs. St. George, at Hoboken.
Aug. 2, Merion vs. Staten Island, at Staten Island.
Aug. 3, Merion vs. Staten Island, at Staten Island.

THE INTERNATIONAL PENNANT RACE.

"Decidedly mixed" is the appropriate term for the existing condition of things in the International championship arena, and the experience of the season in this respect, it is to be hoped, will teach the Internationals a lesson for 1879 which they must profit by or suffer in consequence of neglect. What with championship and exhibition games alternately, and the doubts as to the legality of counting or throwing out this, that or the other contest club's games, it would puzzle the renowned Philadelphia lawyer to see straight through the muddle to arrive at any correct record. Certainly Secretary Williams has a hard task before him to set matters straight. First, there is the question as to what games are to be counted under the rule of giving one game to each club; and secondly, whether the recently disbanded Hartfords did or did not play a game with every club. Then, too, it has to be certified by the contesting club-managers that each game recorded as a championship match was so or not; and also whether games changed from the original schedule date were legal. There is but one thing clear, apparently, and that is that the three leading clubs are the Syracuse Stars and the clubs of Buffalo and London. There is no doubt of this fact. Taking the games each and all of the fifteen clubs which have entered the arena have played with one another, the record would stand as follows:

Club.	Won.	Lost.	Played.
Buffalo	21	20	31
Tecumseh	21	22	33
Star	20	7	27
Rochester	18	16	34
Hornell	16	13	29
Utica	15	9	24
Lowell	14	16	30
Manchester	13	17	30
Springfield	5	17	22
Worcester	6	20	26
Allegheny	0	11	11
Cricket	5	6	11

INTERNATIONAL GAMES FOR THE WEEK ENDING JULY 27, '78.

Date.	Winning Club.	Losing Club.	Where Played.	Score.
July 22	Manchester	Hornell	Hornellsville	11 to 4
July 22	Buffalo	Worcester	Buffalo	3 " 2
July 23	Buffalo	Lowell	Buffalo	5 " 3
July 23	Rochester	Worcester	Rochester	4 " 2
July 23	Utica	Springfield	Utica	7 " 4
July 24	Hornell	Lowell	Hornellsville	10 " 4
July 25	Hornell	Lowell	Hornellsville	10 " 4
July 26	Star	Springfield	Syracuse	7 " 4
July 27	Rochester	Springfield	Rochester	10 " 1
July 27	Star	Manchester	Syracuse	10 " 1
July 27	Worcester	Hornell	Hornellsville	6 " 2

THE LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP.

The Boston nine have done what was expected of them the past week, and the result is that they once more stand at the head of the list, and will have the same fair chance for the closing heat of the race, as this week's play will finish the third heat, and then will commence the grand spurt for the trophy in the last heat. To do this we must first glance at the table of figures showing what the competing nines have thus far accomplished in their games with each other, and then compare those figures with those of the table showing what has yet to be done by each club to can win. Here is the record of games won and lost up to July 28, inclusive:

	Boston	Chicago	Cincinnati	Indianapolis	Milwaukee	Providence	Won.	Lost.	Played.	To Play.
Boston	..	4	6	6	5	3	24	9	33	26
Chicago	4	..	3	4	6	4	21	12	33	26
Cincinnati	3	6	..	4	4	5	22	11	33	26
Indianapolis	6	3	4	..	4	4	21	12	33	26
Milwaukee	5	3	4	4	..	4	20	13	33	26
Providence	6	3	3	4	4	..	20	13	33	26
Won	24	21	22	21	20	20	..	..	..	..
Lost	9	12	11	12	13	13	..	..	..	..
Played	33	33	33	33	33	33	..	..	..	..
To Play	26	26	26	26	26	26	..	..	..	..

Boston has decidedly the best of it, inasmuch as out of the 26 games they yet have to play 13 are with two clubs which as yet have not won a game from them, viz., the Indianapolis and Milwaukee. Moreover, the Cincinnati Club has finished its series with the Indianapolis nine, and the Chicagos their's with the Milwaukee; these two clubs, therefore, having to play the majority of their games with the strongest instead of the weakest of the contesting nines.

EAGLE vs. RENO.

On July 14 a fine game was contested by these clubs at San Francisco, Cal., the Renos' fielding being on the whole the better, but they failed to get fairly to work until after the third inning, when the game was lost to them.

EAGLE.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	RENO.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Walker, lb..	5	0	0	10	0	2	Sigelow, 3b.	4	1	0	2	1	1
Munson, 2b.	4	1	2	6	1	2	Britt, r. f..	4	0	1	2	0	1
Piercy, c..	4	1	1	7	5	0	Brown, s. s..	4	0	0	1	1	0
Hack, 3b..	4	1	1	1	3	2	Irwin, c..	4	1	0	9	1	1
Macey, c. f..	4	2	2	2	0	1	Cadogan, p.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Brown, p..	4	0	2	0	7	0	Burns, 2d b.	4	0	0	2	5	0
Whalen, r. f.	4	0	0	0	0	0	Carroll, lb..	3	0	1	10	0	1
Delgado, s. s.	4	0	0	0	4	1	Riordan, p..	3	0	0	0	6	1
Denny, l. f..	4	0	1	0	0	0	Hennessy, c. f.	3	0	0	0	0	1
Totals..	37	5	9	27	22	8	Totals..	35	2	11	27	14	6
Eagle.....	3	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—5
Reno.....	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0—2

Double-play—Piercy and Hack, Irwin and Carroll. Runs earned—Eagle, 1. Three-base hits—Macey. Earned runs—Eagle, 1. Umpire, C. Stewart, California Club. Time, 1h. 30m.

BOSTON COLLEGE vs. CLINTON.

On July 27, at Clinton, Mass., the local players struck their flag to the Boston College team.

BOST'N COL.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	CLINTON.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Ward, c..	4	3	1	7	4	0	Conway, c..	5	0	0	6	2	2
Degnan, s. s.	5	1	3	0	2	2	O'Neill, f. s. s	5	1	3	1	1	3
Brown, l. f..	5	1	2	1	0	0	Donahoe, 2b	4	2	0	3	2	1
Shaughn'sy, 1	5	1	1	0	12	0	McGeary, lb	5	1	1	9	0	0
McCabe, r. f.	5	0	0	0	0	0	T. Burke, 3b	5	3	1	3	1	1
Lloyd, 2d b..	5	2	1	1	4	1	McL'g'n, p.	5	1	0	3	2	8
J. Cluney, 1b	5	0	0	14	0	2	J. Burke, c. f	5	1	1	3	0	0
Reardon, 3b..	5	3	2	4	2	2	Moran, r. f..	5	0	1	0	0	0
Mitchell, c. f	5	0	1	0	0	1	Sh'rid'n, s. s.	5	0	0	0	1	3
Totals..	44	11	11	27	24	8	Totals..	45	8	10	27	15	12
College..	1	1	0	0	2	3	2	2	0	1	0	0	1—11
Clinton..	1	0	1	0	0	2	0	2	0	2	0	2	0—8

Earned runs—College, 2. First base on errors—Clinton, 6. Umpire, S. Glynn of Boston.

JERSEY CITY vs. WITOKA.

The Jersey City Club scored their fourth victory of the week by defeating the Witokas on the Centennial Grounds July 27 by a score of 7 to 0. Fully six hundred persons were on the grounds, and all seemed very much pleased. The game was one of the best played this season in this vicinity. Every man in both nines went in to do his best to win, and the score-sheet tells how well they did it. In the seventh inning the Jersey nine got the only run made during the game. Poorman got his first by a difficult fly dropped by Ring, and stole his second, and was then sent home by a beautiful two-base hit by Troy over the left field. The excitement during the game was intense, and applause hearty and frequent. The pitching of Cummings and Poorman was splendid, and Meehan caught without an error. Willetts did good work on third base, and Bass and Palmer took all that came near them. Mr. Malone umpired in a manner that proved him to be a most reliable man.

The Jersey City Club has a fair record for the week, they playing 4 games—N. Y. nine, Orange, Hoboken, and Witoka—making 24 runs against their opponents' 2, and 29 base-hits against 10. In the 4 games the Jersey City nine have gone out on strikes 9 times, while Poorman has put out 22 men on strikes.

Some of the friends of Jersey Club are talking of offering a handsome flag or pennant to be played for by amateur and co-operative clubs in this vicinity.

JERSEY CITY.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	WITOKA.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Shandley, l. f	4	0	0	0	0	0	Bass, 2d b..	4	0	0	2	3	0
Sweeney, lb.	4	0	0	13	1	0	Booth, r. f..	4	0	0	3	1	0
Nolan, c..	4	0	0	4	0	0	Cummings, p	4	0	0	1	6	0
Poorman, p.	4	1	1	0	6	0	Marsland, c..	4	0	0	4	3	0
Troy, 2d b..	3	0	1	2	3	1	Ring, l. f..	3	0	0	1	0	1
Quinn, r. f..	3	0	0	2	0	0	Reed, 1st b..	3	0	1	10	0	1
Willetts, 3b	3	0	0	0	1	0	Jackson, 3b.	3	0	0	1	1	0
Lewis, c. f..	3	0	0	0	0	0	Palmer, s. s.	3	0	0	0	2	0
Meehan, c..	3	0	0	7	0	0	Burns, c. f..	3	0	0	2	0	0
Totals..	31	1	2	27	14	5	Totals..	31	0	2	27	12	5
Jersey City.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0—1		
Witoka.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0		

First base by errors—Jersey City, 5; Witoka, 5. Umpire, Mr. Malone of the Fyrawy. Time, 1h. 15m.

The record of the games played by these strong teams together is as follows:

June 15, Jersey City vs. Witoka, at Jersey City (12in.) 2 to 2
July 3, Witoka vs. Jersey City, at Jersey City (12in.) 3 " 2
July 17, Witoka vs. Jersey City, at Jersey City..... 3 " 2
July 27, Jersey City vs. Witoka, at Jersey City..... 1 " 0

BUFFALO vs. MANCHESTER.

An unsatisfactory exhibition-game, ending in a wrangle and the New Hampshire nine leaving the grounds in a huff, was played by the above clubs at Buffalo, N. Y., July 24. *The Express* of that city says of it: "Up to the eighth inning the game was a tie, the score standing 5 to 5, when the Buffalos secured a run on Eggler's single to left and steal to second, Libby's hit to Dixon, and McSorley's hit to right. In the ninth McGonigle went to first on Daily's fumble of his grounder. Mack hit slowly to Daily, who threw the runner out at first, but allowed McGonigle to reach second. Force struck a slow grounder to Cogswell, who started to cut the runner off at first; but, just as the player was about to touch him, Force dove under his arm and landed on first, McGonigle going to third. The Manchesters now claimed that Nichols, the umpire, had at first declared Force out, but had afterwards said he was safe. Nichols denied this, and said he never called Force out. The visitors, however, held to their claim, and refused to go on with the game. Nichols stepped up to the plate and shouted "Play." McGonigle, who was on third, came in and scored. The Manchesters had in the meantime left the grounds, and the game was given to the Buffalos by a score of 9 to 0.

BUFFALO.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	MANCH'R.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Crow'y, l. f., c	4	1	1	2	1	2	Cogswell, lb	4	1	1	12	0	2
Allen, 3d b..	4	1	1	3	0	0	O'Rourke, l. f	4	0	1	0	0	1
Eggler, c. f..	4	2	2	3	1	0	O'Leary, c. f.	4	1	0	2	1	0
Libby, 1st b..	4	0	0	9	0	1	Leary, p....	4	0	0	1	3	0
McSorley, p..	4	0	1	0	12	0	Hawkes, 2b..	4	0	1	2	3	0
Fulmer, 2b..	5	1	1	1	3	1	Daily, s. s..	5	1	1	0	2	2
McG'e, c..	1	1	0	0	1	0	Wood'd, r. f.	3	1	1	9	0	1
Mack, r. f..	4	0	1	0	0	0	Rowen, c..	3	1	1	5	1	1
Force, s. s..	4	1	1	4	5	1	Dixon, 3d b.	3	0	1	1	1	0
Totals..	38	6	7	24	9	7	Totals..	34	5	7	24	13	9
Buffalo.....	3	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	2	0	0—6		
Manchester.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0		

Earned runs—Buffalo, 2; Manchester, 3. Three-base hits—Eggler, O'Rourke, Daily. First base on errors—Buffalo, 7; Manchester, 2. Umpire, C. W. Nichols, Buffalo. Time, 2h.

LAKE VIEW vs. DREADNAUGHT.

The first game between these clubs took place July 13 at Lincoln Park, Chicago, Ill., resulting in a victory for the Dreadnaughts. The game was in many respects a fine one for amateurs, as some very good plays were made by both sides.

LAKE VIEW.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	DREAD'GHT.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Yott, c..	5	0	0	7	4	0	Brown, 2d b.	4	1	2	1	0	
Buker, 1st b.	3	1	2	10	0	1	Sitts, s. s..	4	0	1	0	3	1
Clark, p....	4	0	0	0	2	0	Forrest, 3d b	4	0	1	0	3	3
W. Waller, s. s	4	0	0	0	2	1	Oleson, 1st b	4	0	1	15	1	0
Parker, 2d b	4	1	0	4	2	1	Forrest, 3d b	4	0	1	0	3	3
Brown'r, l. f.	3	0	0	2	1	0	Boleyn, p..	4	1	0	1	7	4
Fram, r. f..	4	0	0	1	0	0	O'Brien, c.	4	0	0	5	2	0
Maxwell, c. f.	4	0	0	1	0	0	Haley, c....	4	0	3	8	2	3
J. Waller, 3b	4	0	0	1	1	0	Hayden, c. f	4	0	0	0	0	0
Totals..	35	2	3	27	16	4	Totals..	36	3	10	27	17	11
Lake View.....	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—2		
Dreadnaught ..	0	0	0	0	2	0	1	0	0	0	0—3		

Two-base hits—Sitts, Forrest, Haley, 1 each. Umpire, J. C. Gallagher.

LONE STAR vs. AMATEUR.

At Rochester, N. Y., July 23, the local clubs above named had a tilt, in which the Amateurs were worsted.

LONE STAR.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	AMATEUR.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Attridge, lb.	4	1	1	9	0	0	H. McB'ey, 2b	4	0	1	4	1	0
W. Huck, 2b	4	0	1	6	0	0	Shannon, s. s	4	0	1	1	2	1
Kearns, c..	4	1	1	4	9	5	Dickinson, p.	5	0	1	1	2	0
Talbot, c. f.	4	0	0	1	0	0	McC. McBur'y, c	4	0	0	12	2	0
Heinle, p..	4	0	0	0	1	0	Joslyn, 3d b	3	1	1	1	1	0
Goodyear, 3b	3	0	0	1	1	1	Christie, l. f.	3	0	0	0	0	0
Glosser, s. s.	4	0	0	1	3	3	Brairton, lb.	3	0	0	7	1	1
Fuller, r. f..	4	0	0	0	0	0	Kessel, r. f.	3	0	0	0	0	1
A. Huck, l. f.	3	0	0	0	0	1	Butler, r. f.	3	0	1	0	0	1
Totals..	34	3	7	27	10	6	Totals..	32	1	6	27	7	11
Lone Star.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	0	3
Amateur.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0—1		

Umpire, J. Burke. Time, 1h. 40m.

QUEEN CITY vs. HICKORY.

The second game between the Queen Citys of Cincinnati and Hickorys of Cumminsville, O., was played at the latter place July 21, the result being a well-earned victory for the Queen Citys.

QUEEN C'Y.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	HICKORY.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
T. Green's, 3b	6	2	3	4	2	1	Eckel, s. s..	4	2	3	1	4	2
Struewe, c..	6	3	3	9	3	1	E. Bigang, 3b	5	1	2	1	2	1
Markw'd, s. s.	5	1	1	0	3	1	L. Bigang, lb	5	1	0	12	0	2
Hassel'k, lb.	5	2	2	7	0	0	Morris, p....	5	1	3	2	7	0
Thorp, 2d b.	5	1	2	4	8	1	Thormley, 2b	5	1	0	3	1	4
J. Green's, p.	5	0	1	1	2	2	Hayden, c..	5	1	2	3	0	1
Nolte, l. f..	5	0	1	0	0	0	Graff, c..	5	1	1	0	0	0
L. Schr'r, c. f.	5	1	1	1	1	1	Fisher, l. f..	5	2	1	0	0	0
E. Schr'r, r. f.	5	2	1	0	1	1	Lucky, r. f..	4	0	0	0	0	0
Totals..	47	12	15	27	20	7	Totals..	43	10	12	27	13	14
Queen City...	4	3	3	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0—12		
Hickory.....	0	0	3	0	0	3	0	4	0	0	0—10		

Runs earned—Queen City, 2. First base on errors—Queen City, 9; Hickory, 12. Two-base hits—T. Greenless, L. Schrader, Morris, Hayden. Umpire, Thos. Lottes.

ROCHESTER vs. MILWAUKEE.

After playing five innings the game between these clubs at Rochester, N. Y., July 22, was called, to enable the Milwaukees to take the train for the East.

ROCHESTER.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	MILWAUKEE.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Crane, 2d b..	4	1	1	2	3	0	Dair'mple, l. f.	3	0	0	2	0	0
Caskin, s. s.	3	0	1	1	2	0	Peters, s. s..	3	0	0	1	1	
Tobin, 1st b.	3	0	0	3	0	2	Goodman, lb	2	0	0	5	0	2
Hanlon, 3d b	3	0	0	1	1	0	Foley, 3d b..	2	0	0	1	1	1
Shattuck, r. f	2	0	0	0	0	0	Creamer, 2b.	2	1	1	3	2	0
Glenn, c. f..	2	0	1	1	0	0	Bennett, c..	2	0	1	5	2	0
Tipper, l. f..	2	0	2	5	0	0	Holbert, r. f.	2	0	0	0	0	0
Sullivan, p.	3	0	0	0	2	2	Golden, c. f.	2	0	0	2	0	0
Kennedy, c.	2	1	0	2	0	0	Weaver, p..	2	0	0	0	4	0
Totals..	22	2	4	15	6	5	Totals..	20	2	2	15	10	6
Rochester.....	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0—2		
Milwaukee.....	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—2		

Two-base hit—Bennett. 1. First base on errors—Rochester, 4; Milwaukee, 3. Double-plays—Crane and Tobin, Golden and Bennett. Umpire, Julien of Indianapolis. Time, 1h. 20m.

HUDSON vs. BOSTON COLLEGE.

At Hudson, Mass., July 26, the visiting Boston College team were outfielded by the home nine, their better batting not being able to save them.

HUDSON.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	BOST'N COL'E.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Ryan, 1st b.	4	0	0	17	0	1	Ward, c....	4	1	1	4	0	1
A. Howe, c..	4	0	0	3	1	0	Callahan, l. f.	4	1	2	0	0	0
Robinson, 2b	4	1	0	2	2	0	Degnan, s. s.	4	0	1	2	2	1
Allen, 3d b..	4	1	1	2	2	4	Sh'ghn'sy, p	4	0	1	0	4	5
Madden, p..	4	1	0	1	4	1	Lloyd, 2d b..	4	0	0	1	6	1
S. Howe, l. f.	4	1	1	0	0	0	McCabe, r. f.	4	0	1	1	0	1
Baker, c. f..	4	0	0	1	0	0	J. Cluney, lb	4	0	0	10	0	0
Murphy, c. f.	4	0	0	0	0	0	Reardon, 3b.	4	0	0	0	5	0
Locke, r. f..	4	0	1	0	1	0	Mitchell, c. f.	3	0	0	1	0	0
Totals..	36	4	3	27	17	4	Totals..	35	2	8	27	18	5
Hudson.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4—4		
Boston.....	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—2		

Earned runs—College, 1; Hudson, 1. Three-base hits—Callahan. Two-base hit—Allen. First base on errors—College, 3; Hudson, 4. Umpire, J. Burke of Clinton. Time, 1h. 45m.

WORCESTER vs. HORNELL.

At Hornellsville, N. Y., July 27, the home club were vanquished by the Worcesters, whose all-round play was superior.

WORCESTER.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	HORNELL.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Sullivan, c..	4	2	3	3	2	2	Burns, 3d b..	4	1	1	3	1	1
Wood, l. f..	4	1	1	5	0	0	Dunlop, 2d b	4	1	3	4	1	1
Battin, 3d b.	4	1	1	1	3	0	Bentley, c..	4	0	1	5	2	0
Say, s. s..	4	1	1	1	0	4	Derby, r. f..	4	0	1	1	0	0
Smiley, 2d b	5	0	0	1	4	0	Keenan, c..	4	0	0	3	4	1
Gillespie, r. f	4	1	1	0	0	0	Clapp, 1st b	4	0	1	10	0	2
Force, p....	4	0	0	0	1	0	Eagley, c. f.	3	0	0	1	0	0
House, 2d b.	4	0	0	0	13	0	Baker, c. f..	3	0	0	2	0	0
Matthews, p.	4	1	2	1	4	0	Myers, s. s..	3	0	1	2	3	0
Totals..	37	6	9	27	17	2	Totals..	34	2	7	27	14	5
Worcester.....	1	0	1	3	0	0	2	0	0	0	0—6		
Hornell.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0—2		

Earned runs—Worcester, 2; Hornell, 1. Two-base hits—Dunlop, Sullivan, Gillespie. First base on errors—Worcester, 3. Umpire, Joe Cameron. Time, 1h. 50m.

UTICA vs. HAYMAKER.

A State championship game was played at Troy, N. Y., July 27, the Uticas walloping the Haymakers.

UTICA.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	HAYMAKER.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Purcell, r. f.	4	1	1	1	0	0	Connors, l. f.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Rich'son, c. f	4	0	0	3	0	0	Butler, c. f..	4	0	1	1	0	0
Richm'd, s. s	4	1	2	1	3	0	Lewis, 1st b.	4	0	0	11	1	3
Latham, 2d b	4	1	0	2	4	1	Diack, r. f..	4	0	1	3	0	0
Kennedy, l. f	4	0	0	3	1	0	Briody, 2d b	4	0	1	3	2	0
McGuiness, lb	4	1	2	10	1	0	Shoupe, s. s.	3	0	1	1	4	0
Smith, 3d b.	4	0	0	1	1	2	Hayes, c....	3	0	1	7	0	4
Roche, c....	3	0	1	6	3	0	Daly, 3d b...	3	0	1	1	4	0
Alcott, p....	4	2	1	0	4	0	McManus, p	3	0	1	0	4	3
Totals..	35	6	7	27	18	3	Totals..	32	0	7	27	15	12
Utica.....	0	1	1	1	2	0

BLUE EYES OR BLACK?

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Blue eyes or black—black eyes or blue—
Both so bewitching, pray what can one do?
Sweet Marian sits by the side of proud Belle—
Which is the fairer? Can anyone tell?

Marian, rustful, and modest, and sweet,
With womanly virtues and charms replete;

With the freshness of maidenhood lighting her face
Of perfect contour and delicate grace;

With red, ripe lips and brow so fair,
With coils of glorious, gold-bronze hair;

So dainty, so winsome, by nature so blest—
Surely blue eyes, I think, are the best!

But ah, for the beauty of queenlier Belle,
Where is the tongue her charms to tell?

What fathomless love—what passion lies
In the liquid depths of her black, black eyes!

Deep is the crimson that colors her cheek,
And her graceful head is the head of a Greek.

Raven locks and rounded form,
The blood in her veins is tropical warm.

I catch a glimpse of her snow-white breast—
And surely black eyes, I say, are the best!

Blue eyes or black—black eyes or blue—
Both so bewitching, pray what can one do?

M. C.

THE DARK AND THE LIGHT:

OR,

DRIFTING APART ON THE OCEAN OF LIFE.

A Story of Absorbing Interest, Thrilling Effects, and Powerful Dramatic Situations.

BY JANE MILL,

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CHAPTER L.—MET ONCE AGAIN.

How beautiful this night! the balmiest sigh
Which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening's ear
Were discord to the speaking quietude
Which wraps this changeless scene.—SHELLEY.

Four days have passed since Loo was admitted on bail to walk free from the shackle of locks and jailors, but with the dread of them hanging before, and again we find her on the seashore. Since that never-to-be-forgotten day she has shrunk from meeting the eyes of her fellow-creatures, and has refused to leave the house in the daylight, thereby disappointing some hundreds of people who have flocked down to Little Bampton to see her. For this little watering-place is by no means difficult of access from London, and the fame of the beauty of the fair prisoner, the rank of the prosecutrix, and the mystery that surrounded the girl's parentage had there found way into the daily papers, news being scarce at this particular time, and, as judgment and sympathy were all in Loo's favor, Lady Travers may have been said to have woke up one morning and found herself infamous. Notoriety, however, was just the thing that to Loo was most horrible, and thus her longing to walk on the shore could only be gratified when the sun had gone down. The shingle is not a favorite resort at this time of the year, and, though the moon has risen and is bathing with its silvery light both sea and earth with a tender radiance, it has tempted no one but the miserable girl to come down to the water's edge, and she, unperceived, has slipped out of the house alone. Why, she might not like to tell you, but the truth is that Robert Marker has arrived; she has heard his voice and his name pronounced, though she has not yet seen him, and she shrinks from doing so, for is he not Mabel's lover? Are the two not now together, forgetful of her? Doubting, blaming her, perhaps; at any rate, knowing nothing of her grief in their own happiness, and she is here alone, a waif and a stray, belonging to no one—owned by no one. All the misery of her life has crowded upon the girl at this hour.

To whom does she belong? Why is she living, standing upon the fair earth and having no part or lot in, without even a name that she can make any legal claim to?

That wicked old woman had called her "base-born;" what could she mean by that? Loo did not know; her mind had been kept singularly pure and clean and innocent of the world's wickedness, and the misery that sin always entails, and Mabel had so guarded her, had so warded off and stood as a shield between the girl and the distinct knowledge of evil, that, though many things had puzzled, they had passed by without soiling her. Now the moon's cold sheen, the chilling winds and her own misery seemed to overwhelm the girl, and she sat down on the shingle, leaned against one of the breakwaters, and felt as though life were no longer worth having, and she could remain here till the tide came in and covered her. She was too heart-sick even for tears to come to her eyes, and here, barely seventeen, she sat, feeling life had nothing more to offer she sat, feeling life had nothing more to offer her. How long she thus remained it would be difficult to say; but as she was cold and cramped, and seemed as though she had been asleep when a light hand touched her, and she looked up with a dull start to see a lady before her, the one whom she had noticed walking about muffled in shawl and veil, and about whom she had woven so many fancies. The veil was thrown from her face now—a face young and lovely, but oh, so sad, clearly defined, and every line intensified in the white moonlight—and Loo, roused from her stupor, forgot her own grief in looking at her.

"My poor girl, are you ill?" asked the stranger's voice in a gentle tone, and with the accent of a cultured lady.

"No," was the reply, "except in mind."

And Loo rose to her feet, and thus these two girls, who as children had slept side by side, whose destinies had been so twisted and tangled, stood looking at each other, the daughter of Lady Alice Fitz-Howard Hill and of Suma the half-caste.

This was where the girl who had believed herself the heiress of Drayton Abbey had taken refuge, not more than a dozen miles from the quiet seaside place where Lady Elizabeth had a house, and spent two months of each year; but it offered the advantage of the steamers to the Channel Islands and French coast, and at the sound of warning or idea that she had been pursued she could start at an hour's notice by one of them, and defy Lady Elizabeth to bring her back again. Like Loo, she had been "brooding over misery's eggs" until, seeing a creature of her own sex apparently more wretched than herself, and sitting where the tide, when it came in, might overtake her, she had, as it were, gone out of herself to meet her. As the moonlight shone upon Loo's face, however, she started. Had one of the portraits walked down from the walls of Drayton Abbey to confront her? And that portrait, too, the one that till recently she had believed to be of her own mother! She could scarcely believe what her own eyes showed her; she thought she must be dreaming, and she said, strangely:

"Forgive me; I thought it was a poor girl who had fallen asleep, and don't think me impertinent, but can your name be Fitz-Howard Hill?"

"No," said Loo drearily, carried away by the ghost-like aspect which the moon had thrown upon all around her, and the sad, lovely face of the lady, who, darker than herself, seemed some years older. "I have no name, or, if I have, I do not know it. I am called Lucille Travers, but it by law belongs to me no more than to you."

"And yet——" and Lizzie stopped herself, and added: "I thought no woman who was innocent of wrongdoing could be more wretched than I am; but your face tells me I am mistaken. I am quite alone and very helpless and powerless, but I can help you."

"No, thank you," replied Loo; "it is very ungrateful of me, for I have kind friends who love me very dearly, but I am unhappy. I came out here to sit and think, and I must have fallen asleep."

"If the knowledge that others suffer more than yourself can lessen your pain, as I have heard, though never found it," said Lizzie bitterly, "take comfort, for I am without one friend in the wide world, and those who love me most I must hide from. Don't you think my grief surpasses yours?"

"Indeed it does. Can I help you? Not that I can do much," wearily.

"No one can help me," bitterly; "I am past help; the weakness and folly of others and a perverse destiny have put me in a false position from my cradle. It will carry me on to my grave, which I hope may not be far distant. I don't know why I talk like this to you," she added, "but there seems some link between us. When I first saw your face the odd idea struck me that you are the girl whose place through life I have unwittingly taken; but it is absurd, improbable. I am full of fancies to-night. I feel as though some strange change were awaiting me, as though the past, with all its shadows and sunshine, were passing away forever. It is strange. Good-night."

And she turned away while Loo gazed, with a longing to follow and comfort her, yet, not knowing what to say, simply murmured: "Good-night," and, watching the figure as it walked along in the direction of the harbor and pier, herself again sank down in her sheltered nook by the wooden piles.

The moonlight changed and became fitful, clouds drifted about, the wind rose, and the sea became troubled with the presage of a storm, the elements were giving notice of their approaching strife, and Loo was about to rise from her resting-place and retrace her steps to the house which Mabel and she now occupied, when she heard footsteps, the voices of two men talking, and her heart seemed to stand still and pause in its pulsation from very terror, for the voice of one of the men was that of Herbert Dorset, while the other evidently belonged to a rough seaman. Oh, the dread horror of that moment! Had she not dreamed it all, had she not seen this very place, had she not come away from Spa to escape it? and, lo, it was before her! Flight was useless, struggling was vain! The dead hopelessness of despair came over her heart and soul; her limbs were useless, and would not obey her will even if she had felt equal to trying to exert it, and she had just the instinct of fear strong enough to make her shrink still closer to the friendly shelter of the boards against which she had been leaning. Had the moon been shining on her as it was ten minutes ago, she must have been discovered, but a cloud obscured its brightness; the howling of the wind covered her almost noiseless breathing, and the two men passed so close to her hiding-place that the loose pebbles which their feet displaced rolled down to her side and made her think they were touching her. She held her breath. It had come at last; she heard Herbert Dorset's voice say:

"I saw her go over there; no noise, mind; we must take her without a cry."

Then, could it be possible? They passed on, and she, panting, trembling, scarcely daring to breathe, pressed her soft cheek on the cold, hard stones, and prayed mutely that she might be spared from the terrible fate which but a moment before seemed to threaten her. It must have been some moments after this when a hand was laid on her shoulder, and Robert Marker's voice said:

"Loo, my child, you must be very cold here; come, let me wrap this shawl round you and take you home."

Her only reply was a flood of tears; her nerves were shaken; she felt like one who had drifted back from the very threshold of "that bourne from whence no traveler returns."

CHAPTER LI.—"I LOVE YOU."

The night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.—LONGFELLOW.

When Loo had heard Robert Marker's voice before leaving the house where she and Mabel were staying, he had, as she rightly guessed, but just arrived. A succession of accidents had delayed his coming to them. The telegram sent to Spa he had not, as we have seen, received; the one sent to his professional residence in London had, it is true, been delivered at the house, but the servant who took it in accidentally threw the envelope containing it on the fire, and never discovered her blunder till it was too late to retrieve it, when she came to the conclusion that discretion was by far the better part of valor, and consequently held her tongue on the subject. Thus it was that, until he saw the account of the matter in the morning paper, he not only had no idea that Loo and Mabel wanted him, but did not even know where they were. To arrange his professional business so that he could leave town for a few hours, or even days, was the next step, and then he set off for Little Bampton as fast as horses and steam could take him.

"So you have come at last," said Miss Travers coldly, as he was ushered into her presence; "very kind and thoughtful of you, I am sure. I have had some sharp lessons in the last few days, and, but for my bitter experience, should have staked my life upon your sincerity, and not only willingness, but desire, to stand by Loo."

"And what has caused you to change your opinion?" demanded the surgeon, in no slight degree astonished.

"Can you ask such a question when I have telegraphed for you to both London and Spa, and now, when days and days have elapsed, you walk in as though nothing on earth had happened. It was so unlike you that, had I heard you were dead, I should not have been surprised; but, to walk in unconcerned and in good health as you are, does astonish me."

"I think I have the most right to be astonished," was the reply. "I have received neither letter nor telegram. I called at your house at Notting Hill and found you had gone away without leaving an address behind, and the next I hear is from a newspaper two days old, which by accident I had picked up in the house of a patient while waiting to see him; that was this morning. You may imagine that I have lost no time when I am here now and at your service."

"You have not received my telegrams?" asked Mabel doubtfully. "I cannot understand it. I sent them off from the office myself; this must be inquired into; but now I am glad you have come, for something must be done at once or we shall lose Loo."

"Lose her!" repeated Robert Marker blankly. "What can you mean? This charge against her can never be maintained; any sensible magistrate would have dismissed it at once. It is very painful, but it will soon be over; there is no real danger about it."

"Perhaps not, but there are other things; people have learnt through this that she does not belong to me—that she has no legal name and status—and there are those I know who are trying to claim and get her from me. There is Captain Speke, for instance; he has been a thorough good friend to us—we almost owe it to him that Loo is not in prison now; but his son told me his father thought he recognized Loo as the child he had once engaged to take care of, and he is trying to make his claim out; no doubt he thinks she would make a nice wife for his son."

"And you object to him as a suitor?" with an admirable amount of self-restraint.

"I don't know that I do," carelessly, "except that I should lose her. But that is not all; the child is ill with anxiety and fretting; if we cannot rouse her, she wanders about the shore at night alone, unless I accompany her."

"But you do not allow her to go out alone at night! Is it not dangerous? There may be bad characters about."

"Oh, no; she is safe enough. A cry from the sands would almost reach us here. It is not that, but the terrible effect upon her mind that my aunt's wickedness has produced, and she also feels that she has no legal footing in the world—no name that she can call her own. Of course, if her friends claim her, this may change. But we shall lose her entirely. The loss may not be much to you; it will be all the world to me."

"Not much to me!" repeated Robert Marker with half-suppressed excitement. "You can never know what she is to me. I am foolish, I know, for I am nearly old enough to be her father, and she is such a child that it would be unfair to take advantage of her ignorance and innocence. But I shall never marry unless Loo is my wife; so you may suppose what she is to me."

"Then what do you propose to do?" asked Mabel.

"What do you advise?"

"Nay, I cannot advise you. Loo is young, but many women are married at her age. Not that I should like her to marry for years to come, if I were sure of keeping her with me; but I am not. You are not very old"—with a smile—"indeed, for my child's sake, I should not like you to be younger. It is just the question as to what Loo herself feels. I think you and I would both consider her happiness before our own."

"Most certainly. Do you think I should ask her if she will marry me? Do you think it possible that she can love me? I should never forgive myself—I would rather put my right hand in the fire than ask her, for my sake, to take a step that may for her entail a life-long repentance."

"You are quite right. Still, if Loo should care more for you than either of us imagines, as much as you hope, it would be almost an additional wrong to her to remain silent. I know she has a great affection for you—more I cannot say. You have my best wishes, if they are worth anything," with a frank smile.

"Well, what is that verse?—

"He either fears his fate too much
Or his desert is small,
Who will not put it to the touch
And win or lose it all."

So I will tell Loo what my feelings and hopes are, and if she consults you, pray let her happiness be our first and only consideration; the greatest wrong that she could inflict upon herself or me would be to mistake gratitude for love, and to wake up one day to face the error she had made. Where is she? May I see her?"

Mabel rang the bell, but the servant who answered it said Miss Lucille had gone out more than an hour ago, directly after the gentleman arrived.

"She will be down on the sands," observed Mabel without concern, "but she has been there quite long enough; she will be getting a cold. Perhaps you had better go and meet her. You will find her between this and the pier—to the right. The tide is coming in and the wind is rising. We shall have rain and a storm before morning. I won't come with you," she added, "but don't be long. It is too cold for the child to be out." And with a bright smile: "A warm drawing-room will be more comfortable, though not so romantic, as a wind-driven shore."

And then Robert Marker went out to seek the girl whom he wished to make his wife. He was long before he found her, and then, as we know, she was so weak and helpless that he had to take her in his arms and soothe her, as he had done when a child, before she sufficiently recovered to speak calmly and gently withdraw herself from his protecting arm.

"Loo, what is the matter, my pet? Didn't you know that I had come to see you?"

"Yes," she replied slowly, "but I thought you wanted to talk to Mabel."

"Of course I did; but I wanted to see you. What! are you not glad that I have come?"

"Yes; but doesn't Mabel want you? I will come in soon. I have been frightened. Herbert Dorset is here. He is looking for me."

She trembled.

"Do you think I shall ever be safe from him?" she added with a shudder. "He seems always to haunt me like an evil shadow when I am most miserable."

"Safe from him! Yes, my darling, quite safe from him, if you think you can love me well enough to be my wife."

"Your wife!" and the girl started back in terror; were the horrors of this night never to be over?

Her brain seemed to reel. All the world must be going mad. What would Mabel say if she could hear him? Did he think so meanly of her as to believe she would try to filch the love that belonged to the woman who had been more than a mother to her? The very magnitude of the possible crime nerved her with strength and energy, and she said, in a tone which she never thought to have used to this man who had saved her life and rescued her from an existence of poverty, perhaps of crime:

"You seem to forget yourself, Mr. Marker. What do you think Mabel would say if she were to hear you?"

"Mabel?" with a happy laugh. "She sent me to ask you; nothing would give her greater happiness."

But the girl shook her head; she was not convinced.

"Impossible!" she said. "Mabel would sacrifice her life as well as her happiness for me, as I would mine for her; but you belong to Mabel—you love her, or you used to, and she loves you, and I shall go away, and in your happiness you will both forget me."

And she turned to go, she knew not whither—certainly not towards the house that she had left. But a new light had come into Robert Marker's face, though the darkness that had now set in hid it; a great hope had sprung up in his heart, and he exclaimed eagerly:

"Loo, you are quite mistaken! If Mabel and I had cared for each other except as brother and sister, we should have married years ago, if only to have silenced that wicked old woman Lady Travers, and to have taken care of you more securely; but we did not. There is no woman living whom I esteem more than I do Mabel Travers; but, Loo, I love you. Mabel knows it, and approves of it; but I am thirty-six. Can you care for a man almost old enough to be your father?"

"It is not that; it is Mabel," objected the girl. "I cannot be mistaken; that Russian count told me so."

"The little scoundrel. But, if you don't believe me, come and hear for yourself, for Mabel sent me out to fetch you."

"You mean what you say?" she asked; "you are not deceiving yourself and me?"

"Loo! Did I ever deceive you? Have you a right, much as I love you, to talk to me like this?"

"No. And I—I do love you."

There was silence for a moment as their lips met in the first long kiss of love. A silence broken by a man's voice at their side, saying:

"Lizzie, is this your faith and love for me?"

"What do you mean? You are mistaken," said the surgeon.

"No, I am not. I came to find this lady. Lizzie, you know me; surely you have not forgotten the voice of Donald Duncan."

"Indeed, I have not the pleasure of knowing you," replied Loo; "nor is my name Lizzie."

"I beg your pardon," in evident dismay. "I was told the lady I sought was walking on the sands alone. You are about the same height as she, and the darkness led me into error. May I ask if you have seen her? I am told she has walked about this place at odd times for the last week or ten days, and always alone."

"Yes," said the girl; "she passed me less than half an hour ago, and went towards the pier."

"Thank you," and Lord Duncan, whom you have no doubt recognized, hurried off in the direction indicated.

And Loo, leaning on the arm which she was now beginning to realize was henceforth to be her own, walked back to be embraced and congratulated by Mabel, while Lizzie went forward to meet her fate.

CHAPTER LII.

THE BEGINNING OF THE STORM.

'Tis pleasant safely to behold from shore
The rolling ships and hear the tempest roar;
Not that another's pain is our delight,
But pains unfelt produce the pleasing sight.
DRYDEN.

From the window of her house in South Crescent an old woman is trying, as well as age and the now fitful moonlight will permit, to keep a close watch upon the shore and sea. There is no light in the room where she sits, and the window is thrown open to enable her to keep her vigil the more closely; but whether it be the approaching storm, or that her eyes are dim and not what they used to be, certain it is that she is continually losing sight of the figures she would follow, and everything becomes so blurred at last that she covers her face with her hands and wonders if she has suddenly become blind. Herbert Dorset has been here this evening, and he and Lady Travers, though they have glossed over their thoughts and intentions with vague, smooth words, have been more confidential, and have exposed their hands more completely than they had at the commencement of their conversation meant to do. Of course it was all for Loo's benefit that Lady Travers had prosecuted her for the theft of the brooch, and she would do anything in her power to forward the girl's welfare, this particularly after Herbert had mentioned some Indian shawls and Indian jewelry that he had brought home, and would be very happy to send to her as an equivalent for any vexation or loss she had sustained. In addition—still purely for Loo's welfare—she would be glad to help her to such a fond husband and protector as Herbert, though, as far as he was concerned, she thought he might do better; and, the premises thus being agreed upon, the ways and means to the accomplishment of the end they desired next came under discussion.

"She walks out on the sands every evening. There she goes; but you need not be in a hurry to follow her," said the old woman. "She won't come in for another hour, and will keep between here and the pier, unless she goes on it. From what you tell me I think you must succeed; but when it is over write and tell me. I know that surgeon has been expected for days past; if he once arrives, your difficulties will be increased tenfold."

And then, Herbert having unfolded part of his plans, took his leave. He had obtained from her the promise to relinquish the prosecution against Loo, and relieved her mind at the same time by taking away the dread of a counter-charge of conspiracy which she knew was likely to be preferred against herself. Indeed, Loo's mysterious disappearance at this time would just suit her; it would seem to confirm the idea of the girl's guilt, and afford her the opportunity of being cheaply magnanimous by withdrawing the charge. Thus Herbert had left her. He had been absent a little time when she saw him cross the green facing the house, but not alone; a man in seafaring costume was with him, and together they walked down to the shore and towards the pier. A long time elapsed; only at intervals could she see anything, for, as I have observed, the moon had become overclouded, the wind had risen, and an angry sound came from the darkened waters like the low growl of a beast of prey when it scents its victim afar off, and is preparing for the fatal spring. So boisterous was the wind that Lady Travers had to leave her post of observation to grope about in the dark for a shawl to wrap over her head and shoulders, and the furious gusts came into the chamber, producing havoc and confusion among the trifles and light articles scattered about. Still the vindictive old woman kept her post at the window. She could see but little except the light from the lighthouse at the foot of the pier, and the red light which burnt at the pier-head, the occasional flash of a lighthouse as it every few seconds became visible far out at sea, and the light at the head of the piles on the opposite side of the river, placed for the guidance of vessels and small craft that might be driven to enter or come near the harbor at night. The minutes sped on, she was getting tired of her vigil, when she noticed a man and a woman coming towards the house a few doors down the Crescent that he inhabited, and Loo had occupied since the former left her roof. Surely she must be mistaken. It cannot be. But a lamp, one of the few on the beach, throws its light upon the house that Mabel rents, and Lady Travers knows the figure of Loo and her companion, Robert Marker, too well not to recognize them. Yet what can it mean? If Loo is safe and free, what can have become of Herbert Dorset, and why does he not return? For a whole hour she waits and watches for the return of her accomplice, but he comes not.

And meanwhile the storm which has been threatening gathers in strength and fury. The wind howls and whistles, and as the night draws on blows a hurricane. The waves foam and dash and roll right up to the green, and seem as though with but little further provocation they will come close up to the doorsteps of the houses of South Crescent! Yet through it all Loo and Mabel sleep peacefully, the former wrapped up and intoxicated with her new happiness, little dreaming what another woman is suffering in her stead.

Not with intention, not offering herself as a voluntary sacrifice, but Lizzie's destiny is so woven and tangled in that of Loo as to make her accept the evil with the good, and thus, having filled Loo's place till now through life, she as helplessly takes the lost one's portion to the end. Alas! who, looking on those two infants as they lay side by side in the berth of the state-cabin of the doomed Lurline, could have imagined that their destinies would have been so tangled and interwoven, and yet but once or twice from their infancy should they meet? Through that night the storm-fiends howl and shriek on land and call to their last account many a soul at sea; and when Loo, as the day breaks, unable to sleep for the fury of the elements, goes to her window, she notices that the sea is one mass of foam, though the tide is out, and that men are on the pier and walking on the shore, looking anxiously out to sea, though the wind is so violent that they have to cling on to anything stationary, and sometimes creep along the ground or crouch under some sheltered spot, for the wind is driving straight in from the sea, and something—probably a vessel in distress—is the cause of the watchfulness and anxiety that are being manifested.

For a time Loo watches the scene, while the windows rattle as though the next gust would drive them into the room, and ten thousand demons seem to be fighting and contesting in the chimney, till the girl, chilled at last, creeps back to her bed, listening fearfully to the elemental strife, and momentarily expecting to hear some louder crash and to find herself in the midst of a ruin. So terrible does the danger become, and so much nearer, that at length she can endure it no longer. Sleep is impossible, and she gets up and hurriedly dresses in readiness for any emergency which she feels must come. She is sitting muffled in a shawl by the window, unable to see far for the blinding mist and spray that the wind is driving against it, when suddenly, and for the first time, a horrible idea strikes her.

That beautiful lady who spoke to her on the shore last night, where was she going? Who could she be? And then the gentleman who had mistaken her for that lady, who had addressed her as Lizzie and called himself Donald Duncan, he was seeking her—a friend or lover, no doubt. It would none of it have seemed so strange if she had not heard Herbert Dorset's voice, and had not gathered from his conversation that he was seeking herself. All this was clear, separate and distinct enough, but Herbert Dorset and his accomplice had gone towards the pier, followed the girl who had spoken to her, and, if he should likewise have made the same mistake as the stranger Duncan had, what might not have happened? But for this storm she could have smiled at the idea and at Herbert's chagrin and disappointment if he pounced upon another girl instead of herself; but the fact of having a sailor with him made her think he might have put to sea, and if so, and he had taken the girl by violence with him, the Lord have mercy upon them. Her terror of Herbert Dorset and her opinion of him were such that she never questioned the idea of his hesitating to commit such a crime. There was a strain of madness in the family of the Dorsets, no doubt, or Constance would never have acted as she believed she had, and Herbert, she remembered from scenes in her childhood, never allowed the feelings or rights of others to stand in the way of the gratification of his own desires.

The conviction that some blow intended for her had fallen upon another grew stronger upon her as she watched the foaming billows, and saw that the men on the shore and pier were trying to make signals to something which she could not through the foam-incrusted glass distinguish out at sea. She could not open the window. Every moment she became more anxious, though she was powerless to afford help or solve her anxieties. At last, growing desperate, she was about to go and rouse Mabel—if, indeed, she could be asleep in this tumult of wind, rain and foaming water—and to tell her the cause of her apprehensions. At the door of her room, however, she met Mabel, coming up to gather and give courage by companionship. To her Loo told her anxiety, and the cause for it. Mabel's face grew grave as she listened, for the tragedy of poor little Freddy Dorset's death had prepared her, as it were, for any fresh calamity from one of that family.

"It is useless worrying about it more than we can help, dear," she said soothingly. "It is so early in the morning that few people are astir, though not many can be asleep, and I doubt if any of the servants could walk across to the Beach Hotel to ask Robert Marker to come to us. We wait and hope that you are mistaken. But see! what is that? They are manning the lifeboat; some ship is in distress! Oh, I must go down to see what is the matter, if I creep on my hands and knees!"

"And I will go, too!" exclaimed the girl. "Let us put on nothing but what fits us closely, so that we offer as little surface for resistance to the wind as possible, and then, if we go straight down to the sands, the houses will shelter us part of the way, and we may get so far as to find shelter under the bank of shingle. Come, auntie. I wish Robert were with us."

"So do I. But perhaps we shall meet him; that Beach Hotel is much more exposed than our house; perhaps he will see and come to us. If Herbert has been up to any of his mad pranks, that evil old woman Lady Travers knows of it."

Their suspicions on this point were confirmed when, half an hour afterwards, the two women in their tight-fitting blue-cloth dresses, and their hats literally tied on, set off in a straight line from their own door to the shore; for there at her window, looking pale and haggard, was Lady Travers, trying to peer through the blinding mist of wind and foam, to discover the cause for that lifeboat making its gallant efforts to get out at sea.

For the same horrible idea had struck her that had occurred to Loo's mind; the girl whom she hated was not the only one of her sex who wandered on the shore alone by day or night, and, if Herbert had made a mistake, perhaps an innocent life would be sacrificed. Early as it was, however, half of the inhabitants of Little Bampton had made their appearance on the shore and pier for an odd story had got afloat—one, too, with a nobleman's name affixed as the author of it—and though the good people of the place might have been supposed to be in bed at the time, the first whisper of it had got afloat, till it spread like wildfire, and the storm fanned the excitement like a strong wind upon a burning prairie.

Thus Loo and Mabel, while fighting their way against the wind like suppliants, were obliged to make their way upon their hands and knees, gaining at length the sands over which the wind's violence was broken by a bank of shingle, and here, making their way towards the pier, they found a group collected in earnest conversation, among whom was Robert Marker and a strange, fair-skinned, yellow-haired man, whom, as soon as his voice sounded on her ear, Loo recognized as the one who the night before had called himself Donald Duncan. What were they waiting for? Did they expect the sea to give up its dead?

TO BE CONTINUED.

"THE DARK AND THE LIGHT."—Loo, roused from her stupor, forgot her own grief in looking at her (Lizzie). "My poor girl, are you ill?" asked the stranger's voice in a gentle tone. "No," was the reply, "except in mind."

IN AN ACCOUNT lately published by the director of the fish market at Boulogne some interesting details are given of the French fisheries. The total value of the fish sold in 1876 in the sixty-one "quartiers maritimes" of France amounted to 88,990,581 francs, and of this sum more than a ninth part was contributed by Boulogne. The average amount earned per man varies in a very remarkable manner in the different ports. For instance, at Boulogne 4,573 men are employed in the fisheries, and the value of the fish sold in 1876 was 9,629,569 francs, making the average earnings of each man 2,100 francs. At Dunquerque the average amount earned per man was only 1,380 francs; at Calais very nearly the same; at St. Valery-sur-Somme only 1,000 francs; at Dieppe, 1,430 francs; at Fecamp, 1,740 francs; while in lower Normandy, in Brittany, and generally on the south-western shores of the Channel, the average sum gained was even smaller than at St. Valery.

COLORADO GIRLS.—They have some queer girls in Colorado. One of them, who resided in Cache la Proude Valley, had been receiving the attentions of a young man for about a year, but, becoming impatient at his failure to bring matters to a crisis, she resolved to ascertain his intentions. When he next called, she took him gently by the ear, led him to a seat and said: "Nobby, you've been foolin' around this claim for mighty near a year, an' hev never yit shot off yer mouth on marryin' biz. I've cottoned to ye square an' clean through, an' hev stood off every other galoot that has tried to chin in; an' now I want yer to come down to business or leave the ranch. Ef yer on the marry an' want a pard that'll stick to yer till ye pass in yer checks, say so; but ef that aint yer game, draw out an' give some other fellow a show for his pile. Now sing yer song or skip." He sang.

OMENS.—At the marriage of the late Queen of Spain her trainbearer stumbled on the steps of the altar. "Bad omen," said the Duchess of Medina, one of the ladies of honor. At the bull-fight next day, in honor of the royal marriage, a veteran fighter, who had abandoned the ring through old age, desired to fill his old position. The bull had been much weakened by the matadors, and, before giving him the final sword-thrust, the old man turned to the Queen and bowed low. "I hope your Majesty will live a hundred years," said he. At this instant the bull butted him from behind, and bounced him several feet. "Bad omen," again remarked the Duchess.

MATTER OF FACT.—Thomas J. Tighe wrote a very tender letter to Miss Nellie Kelly before committing suicide, in San Francisco, telling her that he still loved her to distraction, that he died because of her cruelty, and that he died with the memory of her last cold kiss of parting fresh in his sorrowful mind. A newspaper reporter asked Miss Kelly to tell the romantic story of their love, and she replied: "There ain't no romance into it. He was a fool what come spooning around me; but I wouldn't have it, and so he slipped off and made a kick. That's all about it. And, say—my name's N-e-l-l-i-e; don't spell it with a Y."

IT SOUNDS like a Far West grasshopper tale, but it is told with perfect solemnity by an English paper. On May 15 a large swarm of locusts settled on a railroad in Madras and covered the metals for some distance. A passing train crushed some thousands of them, and the glutinous substance from their bodies rendered the rails so slippery that the wheels refused to take the metals, and the engine had to be brought to a standstill, and the wheels and metals cleaned before the train could proceed. The train which followed was also detained by the same cause.

DURING the first three months of this year the number of persons killed and injured on railways in Great Britain in the course of public traffic, as reported to the Board of Trade by the railways, were 223 killed and 837 injured. In addition, by accidents occurring at stations or on the railway premises, eleven persons were killed and 498 injured.

DISFRANCHISED.—A lady in Madison, Wis., not exactly posted on the word "disfranchised," was told that Mr. Smith was disfranchised, and she wanted to know how long he had "been so." On being informed that he had been so for about four years, she said she didn't see how that could be, for Mrs. Smith had a child only two years old.

THEY PROPOSE in England to put an end to much of the mystery in which human life is now enshrouded. Parliament is to be asked to pass a bill compelling the proprietors and vendors of patent-medicines to print on each bottle a description of its contents.

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Negro Minstrelsy---Sentimental Ballads---Comic Songs---Theatrical Jokes ---Circus Reminiscences---Old Playbills---Banjo Eccentricities, Etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

AN EXPENSIVE WARBLER.

THE PRIME PRIMA-DONNA.

In requesting you to give attention to the bird-like notes of this fascinating prima-donna, we feel assured that the pleasure about to be afforded you will abundantly compensate us for the enormous outlay incurred in securing her services. This same young lady has reached the dizzy altitude in her profession. At a precocious age she developed a wonderful voice, and later her friends sent her to Europe to perfect her studies. There she acquired a wide-spread reputation, so that her triumphs were sent back to us by cable. Various little devices were resorted to, whereby her name was kept constantly before the public. For instance, one newspaper correspondent asserted that the beautiful young prima-donna Mlle. Cohoes—her home was formerly in Cohoes—never ate the yelks of her eggs. No sooner had this highly important information been given to the public than there came a denial, signed by the friends of the lady, in which it was boldly affirmed that Mlle. Cohoes ate not only the yelks, but likewise the shells. While all the newspapers in the country were discussing this momentous question, dividing themselves into yelk and anti-yelk elements, it was further announced that Mlle. Cohoes was about to return to this country. That, in fact, is where the meat in the egg lay. We straightway set to work to secure this new prima-donna, offering to pay her fifty per cent. more than the receipts of the house each night. Of course we cannot make much money at this rate, but we do it purely from a love for music—and prima-donnas.

WHERE THE COWSLIPS BLOSSOM.

BY WILLIAM W. LONG.

Over the meadow and through the corn
I wander down to the singing stream,
Where lives a maid, in a cot by the brook,
Fair as a poet's brightest dream—
A maid as pure as the stainless snow,
Bright-eyed, darling Daisy Bell,
Who promised to meet me, when daylight died,
Down by the moss-grown, ruined well.
Chorus.—Yes, down where the cowslips blossom,
By the moss-grown, ruined well,
When the light of day is dying
And the nightingale sings in the dell.

The fairies play in the greenwood
When the light in the west grows dim,
And my darling sings to me softly
Young love's sweetest hymn;
And a cowslip wreath of blossoms
I braid in her golden hair,
And press on her lips soft kisses,
Sweet Daisy, my beautiful fair.
Chorus.—Yes, down where the cowslips blossom,
By the moss-grown, ruined well,
When the light of day is dying
And the nightingale sings in the dell.

Parkersburg, West Va., 1878.

CRUSHED AGAIN.

Some fellow, who was evidently ignorant of what he was talking about, once made the assertion that "Truth crushed to earth will rise again." We propose to nail this falsehood with the sharp spike of truth itself. Permit us first to introduce you to truth—truth in a materialized form—truth as embodied in the person of William Macready Northern. This gentleman, it needs scarcely be explained, is an actor. There may have been greater actors in the history of the world, but that is a question in the discussion of which Mr. Northern would be prepared to support the negative. Not only is he a great actor, but it is plain that nature designed him for a tragedian. Under this conviction he did what any sane man would have done—hired a hall and appeared in a round of tragedies. What was the result? Our pen trembles with indignation as we write the words—he was crushed! A heartless and unappreciative public refused to award William Macready Northern the honors to which his genius entitled him. It was at this trying period in his life that the oft-quoted line which we have given above recurred to the great tragedian's mind. "I am Truth," he soliloquized. "I am also crushed to earth. Therefore, it follows that I shall rise again." As a preliminary to rising, Mr. Northern set sail for England. Upon his arrival in London he made arrangements to appear at one of its theatres, and did so appear. Again our pen spatters the ink from the tremulousness of righteous indignation as we record the fact that he was "crushed again!" What better proof of the utter falsity of the line quoted could be furnished than this experience? In sadness Mr. Northern made his way back to his native shores. We need hardly ask you to gaze with mingled pity and admiration upon his classic features as he stands in an attitude of deep reflection. He is thinking of many things—of fame and Hamlet, and the unjustness of mankind, and fickleness of theatrical audiences. If you approached near enough you might hear him mutter in a deep, guttural undertone: "C-r-r-ushed again!" And yet William Macready Northern should not be wholly discouraged.

DOUBLE-JINTED SAM.

WORDS BY H. S. SARGENT. MUSIC BY S. D. McELL.

DEDICATED TO JOHNNY WEBSTER, ACROBATIC SONG-AND-DANCE.

Oh, here I is, a frisky nig,
As you can plainly see,
Can twist myself clean out of joint
From elbow to de knee;
My understandings are immense—
Jes gaze upon this yam;
De people know me eb'rywhere
As Double-jinted Sam.

Chorus.

For I feel so gay and frisky dat I don't know what to do; (*Break.*)
Everybody tie me loose afore I bust in two; (*Break.*)
So watch me fling myself about—nobody can compete
Wid all de flip-flap somersaults dat's in dese nimble feet.

De yaller gals am dead in love
Wid me where'er I go;
Dey're sure to smile on me so sweet,
And say dey'd like to know
Dat fancy little darky swell
Dat's happy as a clam;
But when dey see me dance dey know
It's Double-jinted Sam.

Chorus.—For I feel so gay, etc.

So now I'll bid you all "Good-night,"
And hope we'll meet again;
I'se done my berry best to please,
Wid all my might and main.
And 'fore I go I'll give you all
A dance dat aint no sham;
It's only done by dis yere nig,
Dat's Double-jinted Sam.

Chorus.—For I feel so gay, etc.

MISS AGNES ROBERTSON IN PHILADELPHIA, PA., IN 1854.

Harry Vernon, an actor who retired from the stage a few years ago and is now engaged in business in Grand Rapids, Mich., contributes the bill of which a copy is appended. E. A. Marshall, who at the time referred to was comanager of the Broadway Theatre, in this city, is living in retirement in Philadelphia; John Sefton died here Sept. 19, 1868; Miss Agnes Robertson (Mrs. Dion Boucicault) closed an engagement in the Olympic Theatre, London, Eng., July 6 last; W. A. Chapman still pursues his profession; David Eberle died in Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 8, 1864; W. H. Wallis is still before the public; Mrs. Helen Muzzy died in Washington, D. C., Oct. 13, 1870; Miss Tyson married, and retired from the stage some years ago, as did Miss Emily Virginia Foulrod

NOTABLE TURFMEN OF YORE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY COL. THOMAS PICTON.

The existing American Jockey Club, composed of gentlemen of wealth and of national reputation, have unquestionably done much towards augmenting the popularity of horse-racing in this section of the country. Still it may be reasonably doubted whether, with a vast expenditure of money, they have accomplished one tithe the benefit in the matter of improving the breed of horses—the only legal object contemplated in the creation of jockey clubs—that had been accomplished by a much smaller collection of gentlemen, whose names are almost forgotten by the present generation, although their immediate predecessors on the American turf. Notwithstanding the long array of entries for the biannual meetings at Jerome Park, Long Branch and Saratoga, and the goodly number of starters for purses of unexampled prodigality, turfmen of the old school fail to recognize in these cracks of to-day anything capable of concentrating general interest upon individual performances, as was invariably the case in the good old time whenever Blue Dick, Gray Eagle, Lady Clifden, Clara Fisher, Black Maria, Boston, Fashion, John Bascomb, Peytona and other favorites of a past generation of horse-lovers put in an appearance upon the Union or the Beacon Course, the only two racing tracks—and very indifferent ones, at that—then existing in our immediate vicinity. As to importation of stallions, continuously to improve racing stock, it is doubtful if our present race of turfmen have given us any to be mentioned in the same breath with Monarch, Glencoe, Leviathan, Trustee or Sarpedon.

Thirty-five years ago a meeting of the then Jockey Club was a week of jubilee with all classes, while the occurrence of match races drew together congregations of local denizens and of strangers, and almost entirely suspended the ordinary business of the city. In fact, upon the occasions of the matches between Fashion and Boston and Peytona and Fashion, the days dedicated to these contests were observed as veritable half-holidays through the adjournment of courts and the abandonment of stores and offices after midday to allow lawyers, merchants, bankers and brokers time to view the racing spectacles. Beyond witnessing the running of the horses, there could be no possible inducement for a metropolitan spectator to endure the weariness of a journey to the Union Course, the scene of the Jockey Club's labors, where even the grand-stand, a comfortless compilation of wooden benches, afforded but slight accommodation to the dust-covered excursionist. There his vision could be delighted with a sight of no gorgeous four-in-hands, laden with female youth and beauty—for ladies in those days had developed no partiality for horseflesh, and rarely attended races—of no stately family carriages or glittering private turnouts. Scores of hired omnibuses, hotel-stages, wagons and buggies, wedged between butchers' carts and tradesmen's drays in a complicated mass of confusion, encumbered, it is true, the interior of the racecourse, yet in no display of variety, for people came to see the races, and stood not upon the manner of coming. Nor was their avidity for gaming excited through the presence of poolsellers or bookmakers. Nevertheless, did they desire to tempt fortune, there was a roulette-table beneath the grand-stand, and the irresistible thimble-rigger was also omnipresent to relieve them of their money.

One of the main reasons for the immense popularity of racing in those days consisted in the fact of the races being conducted upon peculiar American principles, in contradistinction to methods observed in Europe, and especially in England. They were governed by laws of our own national fabrication. Our courses then were circular, or rather irregular oblongs, and, unlike Britons, we cared nothing for a field at starting, well aware that, however pretty the sight, a race at even two-mile heats must degenerate into a contest between two of the starters, three at the most; consequently, we looked upon a horse backed to win at long odds as an incumbrance upon the track, more likely to mar sport than to add to its enjoyments. Again, as an ardinal feature in our racing was the time made by the winner—a test not dreamt known to the English turfmen, who were content to see a horse come in first over a field of many stragglers at what we termed a single dash. In the case of matches between famous cracks, the matter of time to be made opened an extended field for betting, and it was readily availed of, as the mark beats was naturally limited to mere speculations upon the winner. The importance of time is aptly illustrated in the general discontent generated through the result of the recent contest between Ten Broeck and Mollie McCarthy, wherein, although the main event was decisively settled, the insignificance of the winner's performance, measured by a standard of time, deprives the race of all dignity as compared with previous interstate matches.

Prominent among the turfmen of yore, to whom we are undeniably indebted for improvement of the racehorse in America to a standard from which it has in no great measure deteriorated, stood the venerable Walter Livingston, owner of Trustee, sire of the celebrated Fashion—a representative of a family whose name has long occupied the highest political honors within the gift of an infantile republic, but also devoted time and money towards the improvement of the domestic animals necessary for the agricultural interests of the State. While Chancellor Livingston, upon his retirement to private life, applied himself to the importation and propagation of merino sheep and the Durham cattle among the farmers of New York, Walter Livingston, who had been his secretary while the former was Ambassador to France, devoted his energies to the improvement of the horse, which at the commencement of this century was in this section of the country a very indifferent animal, especially for racing purposes. His idea being to supersede the then existing breed of carriage and farm horses with half thoroughbreds, Mr. Livingston induced agriculturists to unite in common purchase of racing stallions, while he himself endeavored to infuse the most improved blood of England into our racing stock through purchasing, at an extravagant price, the noted British winner Trustee. How his endeavors were crowned with success is illustrated in the case of Fashion, whose half sisters and brothers never amounted to a row of pins. Personally, Walter Livingston was a gentleman of patrician-like appearance, very polite, unobtrusive, and of a condescending affability, rendering him the idol of turfmen, among whom he was known as "The Last of the White Cravats," from his persistence in wearing that article, with an ample frill to his shirt-front, a blue coat with gilt buttons, and a buff waistcoat, long after that style of street-dress had passed out of use.

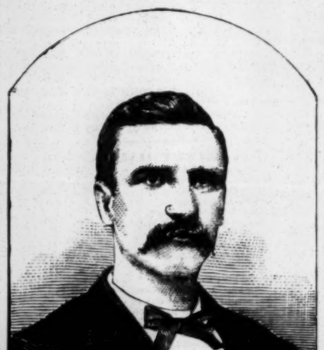
A worthy compeer of Mr. Livingston was Charles Henry Hall, one of the most celebrated breeders of his day, who produced more winners from his farms upon this island than any other turfman in this country, which is high praise, as at that time the honor of the North in the breeding of racehorses was justly regarded by the constant competition of the South from the hour of the great race between Eclipse and Sir Henry down to the decisive defeat of Peytona by Fashion at Camden, was wholly confined to stables located upon Long Island and in our neighboring State of New Jersey. Mr. Hall's residence was for many years the mansion on Broadway occupied by Niblo prior to his conversion of the surrounding grounds into a public garden, at the rear of which stood Mr. Hall's racing stables, fronting upon Crosby street—a massive, decorated wooden edifice, ingeniously transformed by Niblo into his first concert saloon. Finding the city limits encroaching upon him, and being possessed of a handsome domain of unimproved land in the then insignificant suburb of Harlem, thither Mr. Hall removed his horses and re-erected his stables, laying out an ample track near the river's edge, which subsequently passed into the possession of an enterprising publican, who converted the stables into an attractive hotel, and, as the spirit for trotting had seized upon the sports of the town, threw the private training course open to the general public for trials of speed between roadsters, driven by their owners. Thus it became popularly known as the Harlem Trotting Track. Mr. Hall retired from the turf to dedicate himself to the improvement of his farm property, where for many years he dwelt, an influential politician honored with the office of Alderman.

The two eldest Stevens Brothers—the one, John C., celebrated for his devotion to yachting, and the undoubted founder of the New York Yacht Club, after having been owner and constructor of the famous Maria Wyckoff and Mischief, as well as part owner of George Steers' world-renowned America; and the other, Robert L., an engineer commemorated in the annals of steamboat-building—were at one time prominent members of the old Jockey Club, when presided over by the genial J. Prescott Hall, a distinguished lawyer, and brother of Charles Henry Hall. The Stevenses, and particularly Robert L., were enthusiasts in everything they undertook, and consequently, without becoming breeders, they entered upon the turf with accustomed spirit, their first success being identified with Black Maria, a mare of singular promise, and momentarily hailed as Queen of the Turf. For some seasons the brothers owned a string of excellent horses, for whose training they laid out a private track upon their grounds, back of Hoboken, between the ferry and the Elysian Field, at present the very heart of that thriving city. A disastrous campaign dampened the ardor of the Stevenses, and they retired from the turf, notwithstanding they had been the main supporters of the recently created Beacon Course, at the rear of Bergen Four Corners, and intended to draw New York patronage from the Union Course, Long Island. John C. went into yachting, while Robert L. exhibited his encouragement of pedestrianism through offering prizes for long races against time, successively won by the Americans Stanwix, Barlow and Gildersleeve, and which brought to this country Greenhalgh, Jackson the Deer, and other most distinguished English ten-mile runners—an exhibition that closed Mr. Stevens' sporting career and his connection with the Beacon Course, which fell into disuse shortly after the death of Mr. Browning, its lessee, who was killed while riding Hops, a marvelous Canadian leaper, in a hurdle race.

The owner of Fashion (William Gibbons) became, in consequence of her victory over Boston, one of the notabilities of the Northern turf; yet, although maintaining an extensive breeding-farm in Monmouth County, N. J., and being the possessor of Shark, Mariner, and other cracks, he never succeeded in obtaining other victories than those achieved by Fashion, a horse that came to him accidentally and unintentionally. An enthusiastic turfman and gentleman of wealth, Mr. Gibbons had been in the habit of purchasing yearlings from Southern stables; and, after entrusting them to his trainer Laird, he would enter them for long engagements, in which he invariably worsted. In reporting a race at Baltimore, one of the sporting journals observed: "Mr. Gibbons' entry distanced, as usual"—an expression that subjected the New-Yorker to the ridicule of his Southern competitors, whereupon one of them suggested the propriety of Gibbons breeding for himself, offering to sell him Bonnets o' Blue, in foal by Trustee. Nettled at defeat, Gibbons purchased the mare at a low price, much to the seller's satisfaction, as he believed the mare to be sterile, she having missed previously. Change of air must have altered Bonnets o' Blue's condition, for she afterwards dropped her foal safely. As a species of retributive justice, this foal (Fashion) appeared upon the turf destined to vanquish Boston, of whom the former proprietor of Bonnets o' Blue was half-owner, and also a very heavy backer. Although rich, Gibbons would never risk a dollar upon a race; still he stood ever ready to run his horses for his own amusement and that of the public.

This reference to the owner of Bonnets o' Blue when she was foaled (1827) and of Boston by Timoleon many years later suggests a few words, in conclusion, as to the racing-men from his section of the country, of whom, however, there is not much to say. As a general rule, the Southern turfmen coming hither to engage in the Jockey Club meetings did not commingle freely with their New York brethren, preferring rather to loiter about their stables, superintending personally their regiments of attendants, assistants and loungers, seemingly indispensable to the correct moving of a horse-train from Dixie. The most social and consequently the best known of the visitors from the South were habitually Col. William R. Johnson of Virginia—a veteran breeder, rather grandiloquently styled "The Napoleon of the Turf," to whom allusion has already been made as the owner of Bonnets o' Blue—and Gen. Wade Hampton, father of the present Governor of South Carolina, and reputed to have been among the most extensive owners of thoroughbred stock in the Southern States. Col. Johnson was a man of agreeable appearance, with a fine, open countenance, and an extraordinary stock of gray hair, combed backward high from a massive forehead, after the style given in the portraits of Andrew Jackson. At a first glance "The Napoleon" would have been taken for a sturdy farmer, dressed in short clothes. Upon turf matters he was generally reticent and remarkable for his shrewdness, not unmixed with a touch of craft. Gen. Hampton, on the contrary, was the personation of the traditional planter, carefully dressed in fashionable style, frank, social, and an entertaining conversationalist, rarely alluding to turf matters, but always exhibiting the manners of a polished gentleman, devoid of that assumption of superiority, then unfortunately current among Southerners, to the prejudice of the people of the North. For some reason his stable or representatives from it failed, as a general rule, to appear among us, and his reputation as a turfman came hither rather as a matter of hearsay than of positive evidence.

ATHLETIC.



JOHN ENNIS,
LONG-DISTANCE WALKER.

The well-known pedestrian whose name and portrait appear above is a native of the Emerald Isle, where he was born June 4, 1842, the exact place being Richmond Harbor, County Longford. He stands 5ft. 8¾in., and in condition weighs 156 pounds. Coming to America when a boy, the greater part of his life has been spent in Chicago, Ill., where his family now reside. He received a good common-school education, and, having a liking for manly sports, he paid due attention to physical training and development, devoting his leisure hours to both open-air and indoor exercises, the result of which application is that, besides being a good walker, he is quite proficient as a gymnast, and a first-rate boxer, although having appeared but once or twice in public with gloves on. He was first introduced to the people at large when he appeared as the opponent of Daniel O'Leary, from whom he was in receipt of ten miles in a walk of one hundred miles, for a stake, at the Exposition Building, Chicago, Oct. 16, 1875, upon which occasion Ennis was obliged, through an attack of sickness, to retire from the track after he had gone sixty-seven miles. His next public effort was made Jan. 29, 1876, at the armory of the Second Regiment, Chicago, when he attempted to beat Guyon's walk against time, which the latter's O'Leary took to cover one hundred before—18h. 53m. 40s. In this he succeeded, accomplishing the distance in 18h. 31m. 34s. He took part in a six days' walk at the Exposition Building, same city, May 15, 20, following, but withdrew early in the race, which was won by George Guyon, who in the six days covered 412 miles. During the following Winter he gave an exhibition of long-distance walking at the Exposition Building, accomplishing 150 miles in 38h. 53m., and then up to the time of O'Leary's return to America, after his great successes in England, he gave his attention exclusively to the conduct of a gymnasium which he had some time before opened in the Garden City. Upon the arrival of O'Leary, in May, 1877, Ennis yearned for another chance to try his powers against one of his flattered townsman, and 1876 long afterwards issued a challenge to Daniel for a 100-mile walk. The latter at first declined to pay any attention to the challenge, not considering the amount named for stake high enough; but finally, after some shortworded correspondence, a match for $500 a side was arranged. It was decided at the Exposition Building Nov. 10 last, when Ennis' old stomach-trouble visited him again, compelling him to quit after walking 54 miles in 17h. 48m. 53s., O'Leary going the full distance in 19h. 59m. 40s. Ennis' next essay at long-distance walking took place at Agricultural Hall, Islington, London, Eng., on the 24th set out March 25, 1878, to walk 400 miles in 128 hours. The conditions were unfavorable, the track especially being very bad, and a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism caused him to cut it at 2.13 A. M. March 30, up to which time he had walked but 304½ miles. Admiring his pluck, some of the citizens of Buffalo who had taken an interest in the affair and sympathized with the unlucky walker determined to give him a chance to redeem himself, and accordingly arrangements were made for another similar attempt at the same place, to commence April 8, at 3 P. M. April 15, he successfully finished April 20, having 9m. 34s. to spare. In the meantime Ennis had accepted a challenge through THE CLIPPER to walk any man in America to walk from 100 to 500 miles, for from $250 to $500 a side. W. E. Harding accepted to walk 100 miles, and Guyon agreed to make a six days' match. Before the match with Harding was made, Ennis entered for the thirty-six hours' walk for a champion belt and money prizes at the Rink, this city, May 10, 11. In this walk he met C. A. Harriman, Geo. Guyon, W. S. O'Brien, Geo. Hawkins, Van Ness, John Haydock, and others. Ennis got the lead after thirty-four miles, and held it for some time, but finally gave way to Harriman, the ultimate winner, to whom at fifty miles he was second. In the 53m. Eleven miles from the end Ennis withdrew in consequence of another visitation of his internal complaint. He next entered for the professional forty-eight-hour walk at the same place, commencing June 6, the result of which was as follows: Guyon, 187½ miles in 46h.; O'Brien, 177 miles in 46h. 23m. 29s.; Ennis, 142 miles in 46h. 21m. 38s. Ennis' next appearance was in his one-hundred-mile match for $1,000 a side, which he won at the Rink here June 24. Harding drew out after going 40 miles 5 laps (eight to the mile), Ennis walking until he had completed 80 miles and 5 laps, when he was allowed to stop, and was declared the winner. His next and last appearance up to the present time took place at the Buffalo Rink, in his six days' match with Guyon, for $400 a side, July 15 to 20, which he won, covering 517 miles 1 lap, 14m. 12m. 33s., to Guyon's 324 miles in 137h. 11m. 8s. Ennis contemplates entering for the Astley tournament, to be held in London, Eng., in September next.

FOREIGN MEMS.

At the Ealing Cricket Club Sports, Eng., July 6, H. Crossley, L. A. C., after winning the whole-jump with 19ft. 5in., cleared 20ft. 6¼in. in a show-jump, but was beaten by Nicoll (44 yards start) in the quarter, the L. A. C. man going from scratch and finishing a dozen yards behind; time, 52⅗sec.... Same day, at Preston, J. Clapham, with 22 yards off, equaled this performance, and H. Webster of Liverpool (scratch) finished 120 yards behind T. Robson (440 yards) in the two-mile walk; time, 14m. 37⅘s.... Same day, at Belvedere, H. W. Strachan, L. A. C., cleared 10ft. 6in. in the pole-jump, first attempt, and in trying to increase the distance three inches he wrenched his ankle. This militated against his success in the high-jump, but nevertheless he, after three trials, succeeded in clearing the bar at 5ft. 7⅛in., G. Chalmers, King's College, being close after him with 5ft. 6in; Strachan likewise distinguished himself July 10, at the Reading A. A. C.'s meeting, by winning three events, taking the pole-jump with 10ft. 1in., the high with 5ft. 7½in., and the hurdle-race, from the three-yards mark, in the slow time of 16sec.... At the Shrewsbury Football Club Sports, July 4, W. G. George (10 yards start) won the mile race in the fast time, for a grass course, of 4min. 34⅕sec., J. E. Warburton (20 yards) being among the beaten competitors.....At a meeting held on the cricket ground of the Edinburgh University, Scotland, during the week closing July 6, J. O'Reilly threw the cricket-ball 113⅓yds., H. H. Johnson threw the 16lb hammer 93ft., and J. Smith cleared 9oft. 3¼in. in a running wide-jump.....At the Railway Clearing House meeting, 6, nine of the thirteen heats of the 120yds. hurdle handicap were returned as having been run in precisely the same time—12 2-5sec.—a most unusual occurrence.....At Carlow R. C. Sports, 2, C. W. Power did 21ft. 7in. in the long and 5ft. 11in. in the high jump.

ALBION SOCIETY.

The annual picnic and games of this New York organization were held at Jones' Wood Coliseum July 22, and were fairly attended. The weather, thanks to the cool wave which reached us that day, was delightful. A return of the day's competitions follows: 100yds. handicap—Won by Jas. Henry, scratch, in 12sec. Running wide-jump—James Henry, first, 14ft. 2in. 100yds. run, boys under nine, sons of members—Won by Charles Parsons, aged eight. Half-mile run—F. Banham, H. A. C., 1; T. H. Smith, M. A. C., 2. Time, m. 13 4-5s. Old men's race, 220yds.—Geo. Hawkins, 1; J. Thompson, 2. Time, 38 2-5sec. Four-mile walk, handicap—E. Lewis, N. Y. (30sec. start), 1; Timothy Fay, N. Y. (220sec.), 2. J. V. Woolcott, M. A. C. (60sec.), finished first, but was disqualified. T. H. Armstrong, the Harlem A. C. crack, was on scratch, but pulled out after travelling one lap on the second mile. Time of winner, 35m. 49 4-5sec. 440yds. run—Edward Smith, 1; James Henry, 2. Time, 1m. 6s. 220yds. handicap, for boys between nine and fourteen years—R. H. Butler won. Time, 29 3-5sec. Three-mile walk, handicap, for professionals—George Odell (150sec.), 1; E. C. Holske (scratch), 2. This was a very interesting contest, and developed some really fine and fast walking. Ed. Wigzell was also on scratch, and he and Holske had a spirited struggle for half the distance, when the latter got away from him, and Wigzell drew out, Geo. J. Law (60sec.) following suit soon afterwards. Holske made a gallant struggle, but the lead given to Odell was too great for him to overcome. Odell's time, 25m. 45⅘s. Holske's walking-time, 23m. 59¼s.

A CURIOUS MATCH.—J. Robinson lays W. Marshall £1,600 to £300 that he (the latter) does not walk eight miles within two hours at Lillie-bridge Grounds, London, Eng., on any day within a twelvemonth. W. Marshall lays J. Robinson £300 to £100 that he attempts the match within the specified time. The principals to the match are gentlemen well known on the turf.

W. S. DENMARK was in receipt of 140yds. start from T. H. Nooner in a mile running-match, for a gold medal, at the grounds of the American A. C., Hoboken, N. J., July 24. Nooner could recover but thirty yards in the first three-quarters of a mile, and after running eighty yards further he gave up, leaving Denmark to jog home in 5m. 18s.

ON THE COMMON at Halifax, N. S., July 19, Georgie Jackson defeated Policeman Moran in a three-quarters-of-a-mile race, for $50 a side.

BARTLETT defeated Klusman in a one-hundred-mile walk at Cincinnati, O., July 22. The latter gave up after walking two laps over seventy-six miles, and Bartlett was 26h. 48m. and 30s. covering the full distance.

H. L. HERBERT and C. A. ROBBINS vanquished Howard Stokes and W. W. Robbins in a polo match at Long Branch, N. J., July 24, winning six of the eight games played. Harry Blasson officiated as referee.

JOE READY defeated Ed. Doherty by three yards in a 150-yards race at Beacon Park, Boston, Mass., July 23. Time, 16⅓sec. Beferee, J. G. Lathrop.

THE TURF.

THE SARATOGA RACES.

Considering the very pleasant weather, and the fact that the day's programme included events which promised to prove very exciting, it seemed strange that a greater number of people should not have been present upon the second day of the regular meeting at Saratoga, Tuesday, July 23. The day was a good one for the betting fraternity, as only one of the races resulted differently from what had been anticipated before the falling of the flag, but still the several events were interesting. The first was for the Alabama Stakes, for fillies foaled in 1875, $100 entrance, $1,000 added, a mile and an eighth. The starters were G. L. Lorillard's Balance, All and Loulanier, Pierre Lorillard's Perfection, Withers' Invermoor, O. Bowie's Belle, W. Astor's Pride of the Village, and G. B. Bryan's Telephone, each having 113lb up. G. L. Lorillard's entries sold for $100, and Belle and Pride of the Village for $40 apiece. Belle at once showed a little in front, but her rider checked her eagerness by taking a strong pull, when Balance All went in front, leading Belle under the wire the first time by three-quarters of a length; Perfection third. The positions of the first two remained unchanged until they turned into the final quarter; but Perfection, Loulanier and Invermoor alternately held third place, the last-mentioned finally outlasting the others, and running into the last quarter not far behind the leaders, who were nearly abreast. It was a most exciting race between Belle and Balance All to the string, but the former managed to win by three-quarters of a length; Invermoor third, Pride of the Village fourth, Perfection fifth, Loulanier sixth. Time, 1:59.....The next event was the Flash Stakes, two-year-olds, $100 each, $400 added, half-mile. It had a dozen starters, G. L. Lorillard's stable selling as first choice The money was rightly placed, too, as Harold showed by rushing to the front, and winning easily by fully five lengths, none of his competitors having been able to get anywhere near him. His stable-companion, Idler, was second, Astor's Lulu third. Time, 49½sec.....A free handicap, $400, mile and a quarter, followed, with seven starters, of whom P. Lorillard's Garrick was the favorite. The latter permitted Crouse's Mechanic to lead the way clean into the stretch for home, when he was given his head, and, dashing past Mechanic, won handsomely; Williams' Springbranch (103) third, Viceroy fourth, Joe fifth, Vagrant last. Bowie's Oriole fell after going an eighth of a mile, fortunately without serious injuring herself or her rider. Time, 2:03¼.....The afternoon's racing terminated with a free-handicap steeplechase, $600, usual fractional course, which had for starters: Reed's Trouble (165lb), who ruled a strong favorite, Brown's Derby (152), Ayres' Fredericktown (137), Crouse's All Right (134), and Owens' Gray Cloud (150). For almost half the flight the last-named took the jumps first, Gray Cloud following closely, but a bolt from the track and a jump over the fence onto the regular course destroyed whatever chance he might have had. Trouble and Derby now increased the pace and headed Gray Cloud, each striving determinedly for the first place, which, after clearing the last fence but one, the last hurdle at the same instant; and, after a desperate contest home, Trouble landed the event by a length; Fredericktown third, Gray Cloud fourth. No time taken.

As regards weather and course, the third day of the meeting was the counterpart of those that preceded it, but there was a very noticeable increase in attendance, which may be accounted for by the fact that the 25th was Cup day. The racing began with a mile spin, maidens four years old and upwards allowed 7lb, $300, and had for starters P. Lorillard's Garrick, Dwyer's Bramble, Hunt's Alleveer (each carrying 102lb), and G. L. Lorillard's Loulanier (97lb). Bramble was the favorite, selling at 100 to 40 against the field. The bunting was lowered to a good start, and for half a mile it was an almost level race, Bramble, Loulanier and Garrick having alternately had their noses in front for a few moments; but as they made the lower turn the first named took a more decided lead, while Garrick dropped back out of line. This continued grand and exciting, Loulanier clinging to the leader and laying herself dead level at the three-quarter-pole; but Loulanier couldn't stay the pace that Bramble set for her after leaving the seven-furlong pole, although the latter could only get a length away, by which distance he won, Garrick third. Time, 1:46¾. The Saratoga Cup—$1,000, all ages, added to a $50 sweep—was the next event, and out of nineteen nominations the following came to the post: P. Lorillard's Parole (121lb), S. D. Bruce's Gen. Phillips (118), D. J. Crouse's Joe (108). Parole was an immense favorite for this two-mile-and-a-furlong race, and she showed how well the long odds given was money well placed, for, after playing with his opponents, he assumed the lead at the quarter-pole in the last mile, and, taking things easily, won with lots in hand by seven lengths. Joe led at first, but Phillips was in front as they passed the grand-stand the first time, and he remained there to the end of the last mile had been run, when he was headed by Joe, who outlasted and beat him out a long distance. Time, 4:08¼. Parole also won the cup in 1877.... A dozen horses took part in the struggle for a purse of $300, over three-quarters of a mile, of whom Reed's Bonnie Wood (102lb) was first choice, Brewster's Virginia (119) second. The start was far from good, Lorillard's Perfection (102) and the favorite having decidedly the best of it, while Lorillard's Idalia was headed the wrong way when the signal was given. The contest was really between the latter and Bonnie Wood at the fall of the flag, Perfection defying all the efforts of Bonnie Wood to catch her, and winning a hard race by a quarter of a length; Belmont's Glenelg filly (102) was third by half a length, Virginius fourth. Time, 1:17½.....A selling-race, for $300, one mile and a quarter, finished the afternoon's turf events, the day before four of eleven horses entered to the call, and the start given them was in pleasing contrast to that in the preceding race. J. T. Williams' Springbranch (96lb) led past the stand, but resigned the premiership to Burck's Gov. Hampton (101) as they went around the upper turn, Charley Gotham (103) also going past her. At the half Hampton still led Springbranch a length, with a neck, Bevins' Hattie F. third; but rounding the lower turn the latter rushed into first position, while Hampton gave signs of having shot his bolt, falling back to fourth place as the home-stretch was reached, G. L. Lorillard's Maritana (93) being third. The latter got by Springbranch, challenged the latter after a long drive home, and, finishing a length first, landed the event by a head from Hattie F.; Davis' Kenny third, Springbranch fourth, Gov. Hampton fifth, Joe Rhodes sixth, Stranger seventh, Charley Gorham eighth, Kinney K. ninth, Henry Owens tenth, and Thomas K. eleventh. Time, 2:13.

NARRAGANSETT PARK RACES.

The trotting meeting at Narragansett Park, Cranston, R. I., commenced Tuesday, July 23, with everything favorable for good sport, but a rather limited attendance. The opening race was for horses of the 3:00 class, and had five starters, J. Moore's Kade winning the first and third heats, and W. Larribee's Charley Ware the other three. J. D. Willis' Norwood Chief took third money, and J. Fountain's Sherry Fountain fourth. The bunting was lowered to a good start, and for half a mile it was an almost level race, Bramble, Loulanier and Garrick having alternately had their noses in front for a few moments; but as they made the lower turn the first named took a more decided lead, while Garrick dropped back out of line. This continued grand and exciting, Loulanier clinging to the leader and laying herself dead level at the three-quarter-pole; but Loulanier couldn't stay the pace that Bramble set for her after leaving the seven-furlong pole, although the latter could only get a length away, by which distance he won, Garrick third. Time, 1:46¾. The Saratoga Cup—$1,000, all ages, added to a $50 sweep—was the next event, and out of nineteen nominations the following came to the post: P. Lorillard's Parole (121lb), S. D. Bruce's Gen. Phillips (118), D. J. Crouse's Joe (108). Parole was an immense favorite for this two-mile-and-a-furlong race, and she showed how well the long odds given was money well placed, for, after playing with his opponents, he assumed the lead at the quarter-pole in the last mile, and, taking things easily, won with lots in hand by seven lengths. Joe led at first, but Phillips was in front as they passed the grand-stand the first time, and he remained there to the end of the last mile had been run, when he was headed by Joe, who outlasted and beat him out a long distance. Time, 4:08¼. Parole also won the cup in 1877.... A dozen horses took part in the struggle for a purse of $300, over three-quarters of a mile, of whom Reed's Bonnie Wood (102lb) was first choice, Brewster's Virginia (119) second. The start was far from good, Lorillard's Perfection (102) and the favorite having decidedly the best of it, while Lorillard's Idalia was headed the wrong way when the signal was given. The contest was really between the latter and Bonnie Wood at the fall of the flag, Perfection defying all the efforts of Bonnie Wood to catch her, and winning a hard race by a quarter of a length; Belmont's Glenelg filly (102) was third by half a length, Virginius fourth. Time, 1:17½.....A selling-race, for $300, one mile and a quarter, finished the afternoon's turf events, the day before four of eleven horses entered to the call, and the start given them was in pleasing contrast to that in the preceding race. J. T. Williams' Springbranch (96lb) led past the stand, but resigned the premiership to Burck's Gov. Hampton (101) as they went around the upper turn, Charley Gotham (103) also going past her. At the half Hampton still led Springbranch a length, with a neck, Bevins' Hattie F. third; but rounding the lower turn the latter rushed into first position, while Hampton gave signs of having shot his bolt, falling back to fourth place as the home-stretch was reached, G. L. Lorillard's Maritana (93) being third. The latter got by Springbranch, challenged the latter after a long drive home, and, finishing a length first, landed the event by a head from Hattie F.; Davis' Kenny third, Springbranch fourth, Gov. Hampton fifth, Joe Rhodes sixth, Stranger seventh, Charley Gorham eighth, Kinney K. ninth, Henry Owens tenth, and Thomas K. eleventh. Time, 2:13.

THE CLEVELAND MEETING.

The Grand Central Trotting Circuit was inaugurated July 23, when the Cleveland (O.) Club commenced their Summer meeting in presence of about two thousand spectators. The weather was very pleasant, a lovely breeze serving as an offset to the heat diffused by an unobscured sun, and the track was fast. Horses that had never trotted faster than 2:34 opened the proceedings, nine of 'em contending for a purse of $1,000, divided among four, C. S. Green's Dame Trot making good her claim to the largest slice, Benj. Loder's Alfred second, John Crocker's Gray Salem third, and Edward Pyle's Wild Air fourth. Time, 2:22¼, 2:25¼, 2:25. The trot for 2:22 horses, $2,000, had six contestants, and was handily won by James Golden's Dick Swiveler; J. Feek's Lysander Boy second, W. H. Crawford's Lew Scott third, and John Hines' Silver Sides fourth. Time, 2:22½, 2:21, 2:21¾.....There was a large assemblage on the second day, 24, when three events were on the card. The first of these, for horses of the 2:28 class, $1,200, had half a dozen starters, and was taken by D. Pate's Lucille; Taylor & Palmer's Mountain Quail second, Davis & Edwards' Croxie third, and J. P. Gilbert's Lady Mills fourth. Time, 2:22, 2:25½, 2:25. A pacing race, $1,000, followed, with four starters, W. H. Crawford's Sleepy George sweeping the track easily in the three heats; J. McCallin's Lucy second, and Sam Wilson's Bay Ballie third. The favorite, Sweetser, broke and ran down the home-stretch in the first heat, the judges declaring him distanced. Time, 2:22½, 2:18, 2:21¼. The next class called up was that composed of 2:24 horses, $1,800, and had eleven starters, of whom Trampoline was the choice of the pool-buyers. Darkness caused a postponement after three heats had been contested. Upon resuming on the 25th a decision was reached in the first heat trotted, J. H. Haddock's Edwin Forrest taking it, as he had the two preceding, the first heat and second money going to Pierce & Co.'s Edward; J. J. Bowen's Trampoline third, and Dan Mace's Darby fourth. Time, 2:20, 2:19¼, 2:20½, 2:18¾.....The regular programme for the 25th was all that could be desired, and about 1,200 people took advantage of it, evidently expecting a close game, like the one of the day previous; but the unmatched display made by both clubs in the first part of the game, and by the Westerners right through, made the meeting dull and uninteresting. The visitors again equaled the Hubites in hard batting, i. e., on the day before they made a total of eleven, nineteen more in batting for the side and skillful base-running they have much to learn from Manager Wright's nine; and, further, the result of these two games goes to show how little batting or fielding is required when the latter is performed in a way calculated to dampen the ardor of any nine by scoring seven runs off three singles and a two-baser, and damaging errors by W. White, Geer and Sutton, comprising one of the earned. The scoring was stopped in the second inning until the ninth, two more earned runs in the former and two unearned in the latter inning bringing the score to nine, the total of the Hubites. In their second inning the Cincinnatis made three runs, all unearned, on two wild throws by Snyder, a wild pitch, two bad fumbles by Burdock, a two-baser of Kelly's single by Geer. One run in the third inning completed their allowance. Sullivan, Geer and Dickinson again showed that they played their best without reference to the standing of the score. P. W. White, who was substituted for Garrick after the latter filling the catcher's position finely. Gerhardt and McVey played as if they had no life, and neither tried for a ball that was not directly at him. Sullivan, Jones and Gerhardt led at the bat. Weight notwithstanding his two errors, played a brilliant game, as did Leonard and Sutton. O'Rourke and Sutton were the most successful in batting. The umpiring of Jeffries and Pearce was excellent, and the latter does not think a single wrong decision was given. Evidently his mistakes of the day before were due to rustiness.

CINCINNATI.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Wright, s. s.	5	1	1	2	4	1
Leonard, l. f	5	2	2	3	0	0
O'Rourke, c. f	5	2	2	2	0	0
Manning, r. f	5	1	1	1	0	0
Burdock, 2b.	5	1	2	3	4	2
Sutton, 3d b.	5	2	3	1	1	0
Morrill, 1st b	5	0	1	11	0	0
Bond, c.	5	1	1	2	2	1
Lawler, p.	4	0	1	0	2	0
Totals.	43	11	15	27	14	7

HUBS.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Dickinson, l. f	4	0	0	3	0	0
Gerhardt, 2b	4	0	2	3	3	3
McVey, 3d b	4	0	1	0	2	0
P. White, r. f. & c	4	0	1	1	0	0
Jones, c. f.	4	2	3	2	0	0
Kelly, c.	4	1	1	6	2	3
Sullivan, s. s.	4	1	1	2	3	1
Geer, 1st b	4	3	3	10	0	1
Totals.	36	7	12	27	10	7

Boston	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0
Cincinnati	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	2—11

Earned runs—Cincinnati, 1. Two-base hits—Leonard, Manning, Geer. Three-base hits—Burdock (2). McVey, Sullivan. Home run—Geer. Passed balls—Bond, 3. Double-plays—Wright, Burdock and Morrill. Umpire, R. J. Pearce of Brooklyn. Time, 2h. 25m.

Manning struck by batted ball.

The second game took place on the 26th. The day was all that could be desired, and about 1,200 people took advantage of it, evidently expecting a close game, like the one of the day previous; but the unmatched display made by both clubs in the first part of the game, and by the Westerners right through, made the meeting dull and uninteresting. The visitors again equaled the Hubites in hard batting, i. e., on the day before they made a total of eleven, nineteen more in batting for the side and skillful base-running they have much to learn from Manager Wright's nine; and, further, the result of these two games goes to show how little batting or fielding is required when the latter is performed in a way calculated to dampen the ardor of any nine by scoring seven runs off three singles and a two-baser, and damaging errors by W. White, Geer and Sutton, comprising one of the earned. The scoring was stopped in the second inning until the ninth, two more earned runs in the former and two unearned in the latter inning bringing the score to nine, the total of the Hubites. In their second inning the Cincinnatis made three runs, all unearned, on two wild throws by Snyder, a wild pitch, two bad fumbles by Burdock, a two-baser of Kelly's single by Geer. One run in the third inning completed their allowance. Sullivan, Geer and Dickinson again showed that they played their best without reference to the standing of the score. P. W. White, who was substituted for Garrick after the latter filling the catcher's position finely. Gerhardt and McVey played as if they had no life, and neither tried for a ball that was not directly at him. Sullivan, Jones and Gerhardt led at the bat. Weight, notwithstanding his two errors, played a brilliant game, as did Leonard and Sutton. O'Rourke and Sutton were the most successful in batting. The umpiring of Jeffries and Pearce was excellent, and the latter does not think a single wrong decision was given. Evidently his mistakes of the day before were due to rustiness.

CINCINNATI.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Wright, s. s.	5	1	1	2	4	1
Leonard, l. f	5	2	2	3	0	0

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, *must* be prepaid, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, July 29.

LADIES' LIST.

Allen Sisters
Archer, Lottie
Aserian, ——, Mlle. (gymnast)
Brooks, Nellie
Blodgett, Etta D.
Bushell, Lennie (colambidon)
Bremond, Jennie
Blande, Edith
Batcheller, ——, Mrs. Pauline (2)
Bishop, Anna
Bell, Katie L.
Beane, Fannie (2) 34c.
Bennen or Beeson, Mrs. H. G.
Bliss, Louise
Claire, Maggie
Courtland Sisters
Cortell, Blanche
Canisas, Pauline
Coventry, Julie
Charleton, Alice
Curtis, Annie M.
Cassell, Fannie (2)
Clarence, Lizzie
Clifford, Emma
(sketch "bic")
D'Alvis Sisters
Decart Sisters
De Lille, Mrs. Jennie
Di Murska, Madam
Ellis, Lillie, &c.
Empire Children
Engel, Jennie
Elmore, Annie
Fielding, Mrs. Maggie
Fox, Annie
Fostelle, Belle
Farren, Ida
Gill, Rosa
Gaugain, Marie
Hall, Lizzie J. (2)
Habert, Mrs. Fred
Hetzel, Jr., Mrs. John (2)
Irwin, Flora 3c.
Johnson, Frankie (skater)
Joel, Linda
Junior, Mrs. Bessie
Kimball, Georgie
Kimberley, Bessie
Logan, Celia
Lee, Rosa
Loane, Josie
Leavitt, Mrs. M. B.
Lynn, Gertrude
Lauretta, Mlle.
Lynton, Ethel
Lindsay, Jennie
McDermott Sisters
Marshall, Mrs. H. A.
Marks, Mrs. H.
Maxwell, Kate
Mathews, Mrs. Coretta
Moore Sisters
Marshall, Mlle. (vocalist)
Marshall, Florence (2)
Markham, Pauline (2)
McDowell, Kate (2)
Mack, Minnie
Mack, Mrs. Joe
Moore, Elsie
May, Etta
Nunn, Carrie
Nevarre, Jennie
Oates, Alice
Parker, Georgie 3c.
Post, Mrs. E. M. (2)
Pomeroy, Louise (2)
Rugie, Hattie
St. Felix, Madam
Smith, Ella
Stone, Lily
Scott, Mrs. J. R.
Sawyer, Jennie
Sohn
Stuart Sisters (3)
Sherwood, Josie (2)
Spaulding, Georgie Dean
St. Felix Family (3)
Squires, Madam
Standley, Joseph-ine (2)
Smithson, Georgia
St. Felix, May
Siddons, Ida
Stanley, Viola
Turner, Mlle.
Turner, May
Tiffany, Annie Ward-
Wilson, Julia
Wilkinson, Lillie
Winner Sisters
Wilson, Julia (Little Tot)
Waltz, Josephine
Wood, Annie

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Allen, Jr., Chas. G.
Ames, Neil
Aldridge, Henry
Allyne, E. T. J.
Arlington, Billy
Allerup, Peter (2)
Andre, E. A. (2)
Allan, Chas. O.
Aubrey, Robt.
Adams, Yank
Amann, Andy
Blanchett, Chas.
Butt, Joe.
Branagan, Edward
Buckley, Harry
Bierrum, Ernest
Barr, Geo.
Brooks, C. H.
Burns, Wm.
Barton, H. L.
Budworth, Frank
Baldwin, S. S.
Byrne, Alex.
Barlow, M. G.
Bruno, Gus
Butler, Robt. (pantomimist)
Bisbee, Frank
Bryant, Harry (ventriloquist)
Bean, Walter
Berry, Geo. W.
Barlow, Wilson
Primrose & West
Bernard, Harry
Bates, F. R.
Barnard, G. P.
Bowron, W. L.
"Bells" (2)
Brown & Barnes
Blodgett, Harvey
Boyd, Charlie (2)
Brown, J. A.
Bordt, W. H.
Cooke, Wooda
Callender, H. W. R.
Cleary, Ned
Cardy, J.
Clarke, Harry
Carroll, Wm. (of Harris-Carroll)
Carter, Billy 3c.
Cecil, A.
Cincinnatus & Hogg
Corvella, Bob
Carson, Jr., Kit (2)
Clark, Kit
Cellini, Tito
Cole, Wm.
Carver, Dr. W. F. (2)
Cody, Hon. W. F.
Cincinnatus
Continental 4
Carling, J. W.
Coveley, Chas.
Corbett, Hamilton
Dibdin
Davis, E. A.
Duffield, S. B.
Dukeland, Geo.
Denport, Harry
Daytons, The
Dunn, Master
Delano, Arthur (2)
Denier, Tony
Dixon, Harry
Dowling, J. J. (2)
Dockstader, C. R.
Dobson, F. B.
Devere, Sam
Dalton, E. B.
Davis, J. Chas.
Delehanty & Hengler
Dalton, John
De Leon, Leon
Doane, G. L.
Eustache" (burlesque prima-donna)
Edwards, Jas. S. (manager) (2)
Emerson's Minstrels, Manager
Griffiths, Norris
Gill, W. B. 5c.
Gills, Fred. (slight of hand)
Gregory, Geo. L.
Gorman, M. (ventriloquist)
Gross, A.
Grate, C. B.
Gardner, F. A.
Goss, Jos.
Gulick, Jas. A.
Granger, Bud
Hetzel, Wm.
Heywood Bros.
Huntley, W. A.
Heywood, W.
Hinsley, Thos.
Hyland, Wm.
Hodges, Boney 8.
Hall, Alfred
Harris, Charlie (2)
Holbrook, Jas.
Hickey, J. P.
Halleck, T. E.
Haverly, J. H.
Howard, Rollie
Hanley, Jas. (2)
Howard, T. Chas.
Holloway, J. Frank
Hazzard, E. K.
Hunt, Prof. Oscar
Harrigan & Hart
Hall, Chas. (prompter)
Howorth, John (2)
Hall, J. (of Hall & Defar)
Howard, C. L.
Hughes, N. W.
Hancock, John
Heeney, Ed
Hughes, F. M.
Hillyer, Jr., Prof. A.
Irving, P. H.
Jackson, Mr. (printer and lithographer) 5c.
Jennings, Harry
Keenan, H. M.
Keating & Sands
Keyes, The
Kelly, J. D.
Kent, Frank
Kent, Chas. (2)
Kelly & Ryan
Kemble, John R.
Kelly, Dan. A.
Kiraly Bros.
Kemble, Frank
Ketchall, Jos.
Knapp, Peter (2)
Lamb, Wm. S.
Lang, Sam
Lorella, W. H.
La Rosa Bros.
Lorella, L. C.
Lawlor, W. F.
Le Roy, Walter
Levantine, Fred
Laine, J. H.
Lotter, John
Little Mack
Lingard Bros.
Lorenza, Irving
Lucas, Sam 5c.
Leondo, ——, (gymnast)
Lorella, T. A.
Lang, Joe
Leo & Holmes
Little, Chas.
Luca, A. A.
Lewis, W. J.
Lang, T. B.
Manager Cabin Boy Combination
Morosco Family (2)
Magee, Clem
Mack, Harry
McAndrews, J. W.
Mack & Fields
McCullough, Casey
"Melpomene"
McGone, Pete (2)
McNair, R. H.
McCullough, John (tragedian)
Meghinchy, Edward
Major Tot
McBride, Billy
Misco, T. E.
MacEwan, Chas.
Mackin, Jas.
Morey, Prof.
McClain, John H.
Mayo, Wm.
Mathews, Wm. (of Continental 4) 5c.
McVeigh, John
Martinetti, Julien
McGuire, Frank
Mullen, J. J.
Montague, F. D.
McDonald, G. F.
McCarthy, Dan
Maxwell, W.
Nelson, Geo.
Nilss & Evans
Norton, John W. (manager) (2)
Nichols, R. Hamil
Quick, C.
Nichols, H. F.
Nobles, Milton 3c.
Newcombe, Bobby
Osborne, Barry
Osborne & Wife, H. O'Brien, Fred.
Ogden, Abraham
Orpin Bros.
Pelham, M. R.
Pastor, Tony
Purdy, Geo.
Pickert, Willis
Parker, H. (dogs)
Peck, C. H.
Powers, Jen.
Pelsey, Harry
Phillips, W. F.
Panorama of Holy Land
Perham, Chas.
Perry, C. M.
Parker, Prof.
Percy, Harry
Quaglieni, Sebastian
Rogers Comedy Co., Manager
Ryan, John (of Kelly & Ryan)
Robinson, Jack (of Robinson & Rooney, Pat (2)
Reilly, John
Rhodes, Harry
Rhodes, J. W.
Ross & Mack
Russell, —— (bass and tuba)
Rogers, Loraine
Ronaldo, Geo. A. 3c.
Reynolds, Geo.
Real, Jay
Ryerson, Jr., Geo. "Big"
Spencer, Chas. C.
Shields, Chas.
Stevens, D. P.
Strene & Thompson
Straight, Edd.
Swain, Sam & Carrie
Smith & Byrne
Sheehan & Jones (2)
Stowe, Mr. (dog "Big")
Slavin, J. H.
Sadler, Tom
Squires, Louis P.
Stevens, John
Storms, F. Chas.
Sackett, J. C. 3c.
Shipler, Harry
Sweet, J. H.
Stetson, E. T.
Sheppard, G., Burt
Singleton, C. J.
Shannon, J. H.
Strickland, W. H.
Smith, Sherley
Sheridan (of Sheridan Bros.)
Sheridan, Frank
Sweeney, R. S.
Sprague, J. (living skeleton)
Shedden, Alex.
Tyson, Jules
Talbott, Harry
Turner, W. C.
Thatcher, Chas.
Thorne, Edwin F
Tierney & Cronin
Thompson, Den
Timerney, Teed
Tinkham, Ed. (2)
Thorne, J.
Turner, Geo. W.
Thayer, Dr. Jas. L.
Tucker Bros.
Taylor, A. C. 21c.
Taylor, Clarence W.
Udell, Chas.
Ulla, S. S.
Voss, A. A.
Watson, E. C.
Wood, Harry
Wood & West
White, Frank
Wylfurd, Billy
Willis, Jos.
Coup's Circus & Wallace Comedy Co., Manager
Weselyan & Casey
Whiting, Chas. & Annie (2)
Woodson, Harry
Warren, Wm.
Wells, H. C.
Waddy, J. M.
Winnett, Thos. (2) 5c.
Warfield, Tom (2)
Welsh, C. (of "Continental 4")
Wires, R. S.
Watson, Fred.
Wilson, Ned
Wood, J. K.
Whettony, Leon

LETTERS in Hornellsville, N. Y., Post-office: J. M. Walsh (Quinnette, 2); Ed. Horan (Oates' Comic Opera Co.); Chas. W. Reed (of Barlow, Wilson, Primrose & West Minstrels).

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, July 29, '78.

This is eclipse day—eclipse of the sun through the premeditated intervention of the moon—a sort of tussle between the bright orb of day and the mellow silvery light of pale-faced Luna. The exhibition is free; but if you wish to enjoy it in its entirety, "Go West, young man," where "Old Probs" and other shining lights in the world of science secured choice reserved-seats three weeks in advance, and where they are at this writing leveling their telescopes at the principal performers, and taking a lofty view of the entire grand transformation scene as it gradually develops itself upon its elaborate designs—always provided, you will please understand, that the eclipse is not eclipsed by dense masses of clouds and other murky borders, in which case the show is likely to prove a scientific as well as a financial failure. Notwithstanding the importance of this city as a great commercial centre, notwithstanding its superior geographical position, its wealth, its savings-banks, and that it is the best show town in the country, we regret to say that the exhibition of the eclipse in the great metropolis will be on the half-shell, totally unworthy of recognition by the habitues, who will evince their disgust at remaining out of the city, and let the affair severely alone, especially as most of our amusements have been in a state of total obscuration for several weeks past. Jimmy, trot out the machine, and let's see what she has to say about the show, and its treatment of the Bonton-guards. "Put a little goose-grease onto her!" just you take it carefully, and that will answer the same purpose.

SUN VERSUS MOON.

You may climb the steep hills of Nevada,
Or stand on the pikes of Pike's peak,
But to treat New York in this manner
Is mean, and exceedingly weak.

Was it fear of communes made you skip us
As through boundless space you were hurled?
Why, here you'd have been protected
By the finest police in the world!

.....One of the most realistic performances ever witnessed on the stage of life was that wherein Burleigh made it the stage of death, one night last week, by shooting himself, according to announcement, in the presence of a large assemblage, particulars of which are given in another department. As one power begets others, we shall now probably find those moodily-inclined publicly shuffling off this mortal coil in all manner of ways and means. The dread of something worse hereafter, however, may deter many from resorting to this dangerous course to secure a crowded house. In San Francisco, Cal., recently, they introduced in the play of "Jack Sheppard" a genuine hanging scene, the guilty party being dropped in professional style, and permitted to hang in presence of the spectators. Those who are fond of startling exhibitions of this sort may complain that the actor was not hung by the neck until he was dead. Well, there's something in that; and therein we see the rough-and-ready means by which room could be made for the coming actors whom Fiske & Harkins threaten to turn out from their alleged Twenty-eighth-street factory. "Did the actor they hung die?" No, Jimmy; he goes through the same scene nightly. "Don't you think it would go off better, and draw crowded houses, if they *did* hang the man till he was dead, and put a fresh one on every night?" Undoubtedly it would enrich the manager, but the friends and relatives of the deceased might object. "That's so; but it would be a good p'int in these hard times.".....While in the state of suspense, we should like to inquire why, since so much has been written about the *old 49ers*, some one doesn't say something about the *old "forte" tenors?*.....In preparing for the reception of our representative oarsmen who won at Henley, the suggestion has been made that a military parade be included in the programme. Like Secretary Evarts, with the index-finger of our good right hand to give it emphasis, "we object!" Why? Well, because while it may be very appropriate to have our *watermen* in line, it would not be the proper field for the "fire" men.....In carefully perusing Nym Crinkle's "Flying Criticism" in Sunday's *Sun*, wherein a running, or rather sailing, conversation is supposed to be going on between a seafaring journalist and a sailor actor on board of a pleasure yacht, "Our Jim," while enjoying the main points of the nautical yarn, takes exception to that part wherein the splicers of the main brace are made to say:

First Sailor Actor—"A true actor is a cosmic fellow."

First Seafaring Journalist—"I'm cosmic myself."

Jim's ground of complaint lies in the spelling; the fiendish compositor has got it wrong, or Nym Crinkle can let go the main sheet much better than he can spell. Says the indignant boy: "Don't he know that *comic* isn't spelt with an *s* into it? Both of these *cosmical* (Sarkassim.—JIM.) fellers might have done it for a *cosmical* joke, but the editor shouldn't have allowed it to go into his paper that way." We promised to call the editor's attention to the matter, and that partly appeased the lad's wrath.....In token of our sympathy with Marie Roze, who was unhorsed one day last week at Richfield Springs, we would kindly suggest that, as very little has been said in the papers about the lady's descent, a monument be erected to mark "the spot where she originally fell!" Carleton, who was in company with her, aided in the horse opera by going higher than the prima-donna.....Fanny Davenport admits that, while abroad, she was "cramming" herself. That may account for Mr. Wills' sitting with his hat on all the time Fanny was eating lunch. Probably he was afraid of taking cold if his head was uncovered very long. Premonitory symptoms indicate that, not satisfied with cramming herself, Miss Davenport hopes Mr. cram us!.....Friends of the deceased have been so persistent in their solicitations for us to write a few lines on the recent death of Mr. Barnum's hyena, that we have at last consented. The subject of the memoir laid down the burden of this life in Ithaca, N. Y., the seat of Cornell University. With considerate generosity Mr. Barnum sent the remains of the carnivorous mammal (that, James, is the scientific way of designating a hyena) to the University museum. With these explanatory remarks we offer the appended

LINES ON THE HYENA.

His merry laugh no more we'll hear,
No more by keepers he'll be cuffed,
But in the classic halls appear,
Immovable, glass-eyed and stuffed.
No memory shall we cherish greener
Than his whose years so soon were counted;
Because he was a good hyena,
E'en higher now we know he's mounted!

.....Knowing our vast experience, and fully aware of our willingness to impart disinterested advice to those in need, a manager called upon us a few days ago and asked our opinion in reference to Shakespearian representations and their chances of success in the coming season. The following is a translation of the conversation as taken down by one of our short-hands:

MANAGER.—I have thought seriously of once more trying to revive Shakespeare, and securing the success of that classical style of entertainment with the masses. What do you think of it?

EXPERIENCED EDITOR.—What will your repertory comprise?

MANAGER.—"Richard III," "Hamlet," "Othello," "King Lear," and others of a like high character.

EDITOR.—Have you found the proper talent to give a correct interpretation of such works?

MANAGER.—I am now in negotiation with the best artists in the country.

EDITOR.—Have you secured the Jubilee Singers?

MANAGER.—Sir!

EDITOR.—Have you engaged a troupe of dizzy blondes?

MANAGER.—I have not.

EDITOR.—Have you signed with the Striped-stockings Female Minstrels?

MANAGER.—I have not even *thought* of such auxiliaries.

EDITOR.—Then, sir, you but grope in the dark. Without their aid Shakespeare will prove stale, flat, and unprofitable. With their help your course is clear, and your success is assured.

MANAGER.—This gives me pause. I will ponder o'er your well-timed advice, and see you later.

EDITOR.—You must act quickly—the blondes and jubilee people and dealers in hosiery are here to-day, but gone to-morrow. Strike while you have the opportunity. Shakespeare should not be sacrificed by the omission of such important elements of popularity.

MANAGER.—Marry, I'll think on't. I give thee good-day.

EDITOR.—Good-day; may fortune be with thee! Ta! ta!

.....And while on the subject of minstrels, let us inquire what Shakespearian individual would "Eugene," badly advertised, remind you of! "*An ill-starred wench*," of course.....Things theatrical promise to be very exciting in Chicago the approaching season, for the managers out there are expending big money to capture the best attractions. In honor of a triology of managers in that little giant of the West, we compose a few pleasing rhymes about the

"3 H's."

There's Haverly, Hamlin and Hooley,
All work for Chicago most truly;
We 're sure they will not,
Though the fight may be hot,
Act unfriendly one unruly.

.....We are growing somewhat anxious about the boys who went over to act in London and "on the continent." It doesn't seem as though they had all "met with the most unparalleled success" in their European aspirations, and in such a straight we fear that the price of return tickets will be increased when the absent ones would homeward fly. And they can't swim it, for the distance is too great. We are sorry they ever went over.....A. Daly didn't get it after all; and now we learn that Chandos Fulton has secured a lease of the Broadway Theatre. Well, Chandos is gentlemanly, courteous, and has had considerable theatrical experience, and we wish him and his partner Edgar every success. May the crowds passing through the Broadway gates ajar be so great as to warrant us in calling it the up-town "Fulton ferry!".....It is stated that no American plays are to be produced in this city next season. We fear that the announcement of their native origin will be fatal to them. They should, at least, have been "*adapted* from the French."....The dead-wall ornamenters are beginning to hang out next season's banners. Fanny Davenport's plain blue posters open the ball. Pretty soon we shall be shown some gay pictorial work from Alexander's *Ledger* office, Philadelphia; from Algie's great establishment in Chicago; from Thomas' and Jackson's artistic lithographic-house, No. 865 Broadway, this city, for pictorial and ornamental printing is to play a prominent part in the campaign soon to open.....When the double-headed baby up at the Aquarium blossoms into maidenhood, and falls in love, there is going to be trouble. We never laid claim to the gift of prophecy, but anybody, even a near-sighted man, can see that there are breakers ahead—two heads, a heart, and unestablished that this double-edition of humanity is possessed of two distinct hearts, and either some base villain will have to break both of these hearts, or else he must content himself with marrying only a portion of his inamorata. It's a very mixed case, and we are not certain that the following lines make it any plainer:

TO THE TWINS.

But one below, yet two above,
Here nature plays it double,
And where the one babe cries to love,
Ah, then will follow trouble.
What late their destiny controls
They'll speedily discover—
Two hearts with but a pair of soles,
Two maidens with one lover!

FACT AND FANCY FOCUSED.

Incidents in M. Octave Feuillet's latest romance, "Les Amours de Phillippe," have been availed of by that author for a comedy snortly to be produced at the Vaudeville, Paris.....Adelina Patti is to sing in Berlin, Prussia, in November.....George Simpson the tenor alleges that sundry Brooklyn, N. Y., people have been swindling him out of $4,000 in real-estate transactions, and a suit in which simpson is in consequence a defendant is now in progress in the Supreme Court, that city.....The creditors of Herman Grau, theatrical agent, of No. 4 Beekman place, met on July 22 at the office of Register Dwight, this city, and seven claims, amounting to $8,155, were proved, the largest being those of Nathan Goldschmidt, $2,350; Jacob Hirschfield, $1,786; Mr. Deutsch, $1,000. John H. Platt was appointed assignee. The schedule showed liabilities amounting to about $18,000. Among the unsecured claims against Mme. Eugenie Pappenheim for damages in failing to sing at a concert in Chicago in 1876, $500; against George Mackenzie the chess-player for $300; and against the State Department for loss of property stolen by the troops at City Point, Va., during the war.....The Rev. W. H. H. Milburn, the blind preacher and lecturer, has returned from Europe.....Albert Peeler was born on July 21 in Janesville, Wis., which place he had left to go as a boy with Nathan Burr Robbins' Circus. He was killed by the overturning of his wagon on July 19.....It is the privilege of *The Detroit Post* to tell this story: Hill and Di Murska were counting up the week's receipts, and the bills of greenbacks were lying on the table in front of them, when a lively fight began over a matter of six or seven dollars which rested quietly on the marble table. The words grew warm, and Di Murska took the roll of greenbacks from the table and threw it into the blazing grate. "Zere, now, I vill no more trouble have about zat." What was the Prima's astonishment when she discovered that she had pitched the wrong roll into the fire, and that they were poorer by eight hundred dollars."..... It would be unjust not to permit the accommodating telegraph at Richfield Springs, N. Y., to tell this story himself. The telegraph has already told it in a special dispatch to the *Chicago Tribune*, under date of July 23: "Marie Roze had a most interesting time generally to-day. She was riding on horseback with a large party of ladies and gentlemen, and while at full gallop, the girth broke, and she was thrown violently to the ground with the saddle. Carleton, who was riding behind Miss Roze, was unable to get out of the way, caused his horse to jump over her prostrate body, and fell on her. Miss Roze escaped the hoofs of two horses. All the company were almost paralyzed with fright, but Marie Roze, notwithstanding that her arm was sprained and her body badly bruised, insisted on riding four miles to the house at Rome, Ga., is to have a new opera-house, to cost about $2,000. It will seat one thousand, and be opened early in November.....Henry Alexander, of Mayor of Springfield, Mass., who died last week, was a relative of D. L. Moody the evangelist.....The first theatrical and musical entertainment of the season at Winthrop, Mass., took place on July 24, in Association Hall, Ocean Spray.....F. W. Lamonette the costumer sailed from this port for Havre, France, on the 24th ult.....Miss Frances Byron, a cousin of Lord Byron the poet, has recently died in England, aged sixty-five years.....Dresden has an opera-house that will never burn down unless the city burns too. It is insured at a cost of $16,000 yearly, for $1,000,000.....Mr. and Mrs. Kendal (Miss Madge Robertson) have decided not to visit this country during the incoming season, as they cabled last week. They may come here in 1878-81.....The widow of Manas Kelly and sister of Barney Williams is the guest of the latter's widow at Bath, L. I.

.....At Niblo's Garden "The Duke's Motto" was revived July 22, and ran during the week. E. F. Thorne acted Lagardere Monday night, and on Tuesday and thereafter F. A. Tannehill impersonated the role. Some other changes occurred in the cast, but were not announced in the house-bills. This week T. G. Riggs is to appear in "Shin Fane."

AT THE LONDON the arrivals this week are Kelly and Collyer, the McDermott Sisters, Harry Lindsay and May Robinson, Bryant and Williams, Lizzie Richmond and Jennie Wade.

MRS. JOHN B. WILLS, professionally known as Miss May Adams, presented her husband with a 12lb boy July 27.

GEORGE A. BAILEY arrived from San Francisco, Cal., last week. He is to be a member of Albert W. Aiken's Company next season.

AMONG THE LIST of passengers who arrived from England in the steamship City of Chester July 29 is the name of H. N. Palmer, probably H. D. Palmer, comanager of Booth's Theatre.

AUGUSTIN DALY, owing to reasons which have not been made public, did not become the lessee of the Broadway Theatre, as he had intended.

HONORABLY DISCHARGED.—Terence Sullivan, a leading actor at the late Grand Duke's Theatre, who was arrested July 27 upon a charge of robbing Mr. White of Lafayette, N. J., of a suit of clothes and $60 in money in the vicinity of that theatre, was arraigned in the Tombs Police Court 29, and was honorably discharged, Mr. White stating that "he never saw him before in his life."

HAMILTON CORBETT'S entertainment, entitled "Two Hours wi' Scotsmen," was given for the first time in this city at Lyric Hall July 25, and met with considerable approval from a good audience. The peculiarity of the entertainment consists in Corbett illustrating, by both song and story, the familiar Scottish lyrics, an effort which Mr. Corbett happily sustained both as a lecturer and as a vocalist.

THE CASE of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children against George Atkins, for alleged cruel treatment of his son, came up for argument before Judge Daniels in Supreme Court Chambers July 29. The Court took the papers, reserving its decision.

MISS LILLIE PHILLIPS, soprano of the Hutchinson Family, is to sing the recitative and romanze from "William Tell" at Gilmore's Garden July 31.

DRAMATIC.

Managers, Agents, Doorkeepers, and Others

Are respectfully requested not to extend any courtesies or information to persons claiming to be correspondents of THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, unless they can exhibit a card of a DARK-BROWN COLOR, with an engraving of THE CLIPPER BUILDING on one side, and on the other the names of the city, correspondent, etc., signed by the proprietor of the paper, with the stamp of the office, and date of March 1, 1878, affixed thereunto, each card running for six months. Every authorized correspondent is supplied with a card of the above description, and has no authority to use any other upon our behalf. Managers will take warning from imposition by demanding an exhibition of said card, and refusing to accept any excuse whatever for its non-production. The card is not transferable; and it is to be presented by any person other than the one whose name it bears, managers and others will confer a favor if they will retain the card and mail it to this office. Applicants for the position of correspondent not receiving any reply are politely requested to consider silence a negative. Applications should be made for the position of TRAVELING CORRESPONDENT, as THE CLIPPER never employs any person in that capacity.

HARLEY MERRY writes to THE CLIPPER as follows: "Your Providence, R. I., correspondent has been misinformed as to my leaving the Opera-house. He says I suddenly terminated my engagement while Manager Black was absent from town. The fact is, Mr. Black being in New York, I wrote to him that I wished to close my engagement (as I was not satisfied with the arrangement) when I got through with the week I was on hand. I did so that, while he was in New York, he might get another artist. Two days afterwards Mr. B. returned and settled up with me, and I left Providence the following day."

FOX'S AMERICAN THEATRE, Philadelphia, is advertised to be sold by the Sheriff for a claim of $62,530.96 on Aug. 5. It is to be sold as the property of Robert Fox.

HAMLIN'S THEATRE, Chicago, Ill., will be opened Sept. 2, and parties desiring time during the seven weeks following, when the Exposition will be open, are requested to communicate immediately with John A. Hamlin, proprietor.

LOOK OUT.—A person whose name is believed to be Myers, we are informed, has been representing himself to various managers in Chicago, Ill., recently, as being connected with THE CLIPPER. One manager challenged him for proof, which he could not give. The only person authorized to represent himself in Chicago as being in any way connected with this journal is our regular correspondent, who has credentials.

CHARLES AND LILLIE WILKINSON and Miss Fanny Lewis Burt are rusticating at "The Buttonwoods," Narragansett Bay.

EDWARD E. KIDDER is to manage the Joseph Murphy Combination next season.

A DRAMATIC COMPANY is wanted to support Gabriella McKean for a season beginning Sept. 1, and George Hill is requested to address Frank G. Campbell, who advertises.

MISS FOSTER advertises in a card elsewhere that, after a retirement of two years from the stage, she will resume her profession this season, and managers desiring to arrange dates for the production of her drama of "Madcap" are requested to address Brown & Barnes, agents.

A MANAGER offers to instruct a lady or gentleman of talent wishing to enter the dramatic profession in return for a loan of $350 or $400. See E. N.'s card.

MISS ELIZA WEATHERSBY'S FROLIQUES will open their season at the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, Sept. 9, for one week.

E. MASON JR., formerly business-manager of the Philadelphia Museum, returned from Europe on July 22.

AT FOX'S AMERICAN THEATRE, Philadelphia, the new faces July 22 were Miss Nellie Germon in her clever motto-songs; Billy Chase in song-and-dance; Dilks and Wade in their musical act "I Got Something Outside;" and Frank Mara in Irish songs-and-dances. John H. Murray assumed the title-role in the concluding drama, "Dick Turpin." Rose and Harry Frankin closed 27. Glenn and Sheridan open 29.

A COMEDIAN, a leading lady, three soubrettes, and variety performers are wanted by Cambridge & Co., who advertise.

GEORGE C. BONIFACE is to travel next season with C. L. Graves' Combination, playing Corporal Antoine in "The Soldier's Trust."

THOMAS L. CONNOR, an actor of many years' experience, dropped dead in the Yates House, Georgetown, Col., at nine o'clock P. M. July 19, the cause of his demise being rheumatism of the heart. He confined his professional efforts almost entirely to the South and West, and during the early portion of his career gave abundant promise of future success, which, however, was not attained, solely through his own fault. He was born in St. Louis, Mo., in 1830, and commenced his professional life in De Bar's Theatre, in Pine street, in that city, as a utility man, in 1853, remaining there several years. Later he played heavy and some of the leading business in that theatre, as well as in the People's Theatre there. He had acted in the chief theatres in Cincinnati, Louisville, Memphis, New Orleans, Nashville, Vicksburg, etc. He was engaged at Wood's Museum, in this city, during the seasons of 1871-2 and 1872-3, after which he returned West. For two years previous to his death he was a member of N. C. Forrester's traveling company, playing in Nebraska, Colorado, etc. He made his last appearance on the stage at Georgetown, Col., a short time ago, at Stark's Theatre, of which he had been stage-manager. His funeral took place July 21. He left a wife, a non-professional, whose parents reside in Boston, Mass., and a son, who were both with him at the time of his demise.

AT READING, PA., Managers Mishler & Miller are busily engaged having the Academy of Music and Grand Opera-house put into good order for the coming season. Several sets of scenery have been painted, and matting, etc., added to the halls. Barlow, Wilson, Primrose and West's Minstrel's open the season at the Academy Aug. 12.....Miss Lucy Wright of Reading, Pa., the young lady who was accidentally injured by fire from a flash-box during the performance of the opera of "Triumph of Love" at Pottstown, Pa., July 13, is recovering.

THE ADAH RICHMOND TROUPE at the Academy of Music, Buffalo, N. Y., July 26, 27, including matinee, met fair business. They closed their traveling season there with a sacred concert 28. Nearly all the members of the company go to New York. E. T. Goodrich, with "Just his Luck, or the Winning Hand," supported by Fred Wren and a selected company, is announced for one week, beginning 29.

CHARLES E. SAUNTON'S Dramatic Combination will begin its season about Sept. 1. The stellar attraction will be Miss Teresa Newcomb, who, it is said, has recently been playing through the British Provinces in the French language. E. B. Allen is to be business-manager and Thomas J. Sachs agent.

SIG. J. GRADELLA, ballet-master, advertises for an engagement.

COURT-SQUARE THEATRE, late Hooley's, Brooklyn, N. Y., is advertised to rent for the season.

THE STANDARD THEATRE, late Emerson's Opera-house, San Francisco, Cal., has been refurnished and redecorated, and is open for attractions. P. H. Kirby (resident in this city), whose address is published in another column, is business-manager for both of Mr. Kennedy's houses—the Grand Opera-house and the Standard Theatre.

THE OLYMPIC THEATRE, St. Louis, Mo., will be opened Aug. 5 by Harrigan & Hart, who will play a week's engagement. By that time the house will be in first-class condition, and it now looks handsomer than ever.....The Opera-house will reopen early in September. It also has undergone a thorough cleaning-up, and people will be agreeably surprised at the great change that has taken place.....R. C. Grierson, O. W. Blake and A. La Croix are organizing a traveling company to support Miss Julia Blake in emotional drama. They open in Lincoln, Ill., Aug. 14.....Miss Clara Belden starts out on the road in September with a company of fourteen people. George S. Gray, formerly of the Opera-house, will be manager.

THE GOLDEN TROUPE, who were in Austin, Minn., July 22, 23, 24, Decorah, Ia., 25, 26, 27, are billed in Cresco 29, 30, 31, Postville, Aug. 1, 2.

AT FORD'S GRAND OPERA-HOUSE, Baltimore, Md., a large force of workmen are improving the ventilation and the acoustics.

THE GOSSINS, a child-artist and other performers are wanted for the Keen Eye Combination. Address Moreland & Wirt, as per card. The season commences Sept. 1.

MISS FANNY HERRING is rusticating at her Summer home, in Sinsbury, Ct.

A LEADING MAN, an old man and two attractive ladies are wanted to complete a dramatic company. Address Morgan, as per card.

LADIES and gentlemen of dramatic ability desiring to travel with a dramatic company for a short season are requested to communicate with James F. Sherry, as per advertisement.

THEATRICALS in Virginia, Nev., are dull. Our correspondent, writing on July 21, says: "There has been no performance here since July 6, when Tony Pastor's troupe and Tom Murphy Combination were here. We fear that the managers who have been here of late complain of the poor business done; but the growling has not been altogether with the visiting managers. John Piper, the veteran, has come to grief. He has filed his petition in voluntary bankruptcy, alleging debts aggregating over $50,000, of which $34,400 are secured by liens and mortgages; and assets, outside of mortgaged property, nominal. Among the long list of creditors, however, I fail to find the name of any in the profession. The secured creditors will apply July 27 to the District Court to have a receiver appointed.....Harrigan & Hart open 29, for one week.....Lucky Baldwin is trying to arrange for two lectures from H. W. Beecher in August."

COLVILLE'S FOLLY COMPANY, as reorganized, are to open their traveling season in Haverly's Theatre, Chicago, Ill., Aug. 5, and play there five weeks; thence to Detroit, Mich., Sept. 9, one week; Cincinnati, O., 23, two weeks; St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 14, two weeks; New Orleans, La., 28, three weeks; Memphis, Tenn., Nov. 19, 20, 21; Nashville 22, 23; Louisville, Ky., 25, one week; Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 2, four weeks. The company includes the Misses Eme Roseau, Marie Williams, Marian Elmore, Annie Mortimer, Ada Lee, Annie Deacon, the Winner Sisters—Suzie, May and Annie—Lina Merville, Kate Everleigh, Eleanor Deering, Elsie Dean, Jennie Clark, and La Petite Cary Elluro; Messrs. Wm. Gill, W. B. Cahill, A. W. Maflin, Charles H. Drew, H. Amberg, W. F. Harpur, L. De Smith and J. B. Francis. Saml. Colville, sole proprietor and manager; H. Sator, musical-director; Wm. Gill, stage-manager; G. A. Mortimer, advance-agent; H. W. Peck, master of transportation and wardrobe. Repertory: "Babes in the Wood," "Oxygen," "Cinderella," "Robinson Crusoe," "Blue Beard" and "Pitt Patt."

MISS JENNIE L. LEAMAN of Chicago, sister to Minnie L. Cummings, the young actress, was married on Wednesday, July 24, at Chicago, to Geo. L. Cox, a wealthy hotel and meat manufacturer of that city. They left for Long Branch and Saratoga; then go to Europe for a bridal tour.

JAMES A. PATTERSON is the advance agent of the Wallace Comedy Company, now playing in Colorado.

CONCERNING MISS MINNIE CUMMINGS, of whom we published a biographical sketch in our past issue, Signor Vallo, the well-known teacher of elocution and music in Philadelphia, writes that "about 1865 Miss Cummings was taking lessons from me in dramatic reading, and before that time and previous to her marriage she was one of my pupils in vocal music and piano-playing."

MRS. MARTHA LAFFIN JOHNSON, dramatist, inserts her address in another column.

THE HOWARD ATHENÆUM, Boston, Mass., which has been leased by Benj. F. Tryon, will be reopened for the Fall and Winter season about Sept. 1. Stars and combinations will be treated with on liberal terms by Fred Stinson, manager, whose address will be found in our column.

ISIDORE DAVIDSON has been re-engaged at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, Ill., for next season.

THE WALLACE COMEDY COMPANY began a season in Leadville, Col., July 17, acting "Our Boys." This is the first company that has visited that mining camp.

GULICK'S BRITISH PANTOMIME CO., which will commence the season Dec. 16, in addition to Pico and the other people mentioned in our last issue, will include the following specialty artists: Linda Jeal, Minnie and Maggie Claire, Wm. O'Dale Stevens, Joseph A. Gulick, Isabelle Florence and C. A. Waldron. In addition to "Humpty Dumpty" and pieces in their repertory, the company will produce a new pantomime, entitled "High, Low, Jack and the Game," and their costumes, tricks, etc., will be all new. Managers desiring to arrange time with this attraction can address Joseph A. Gulick, care of this office.

CHARLOTTE THOMPSON'S COMBINATION, who played the past week in St. John, N. B., are billed for this in Halifax, N. S.

AN ATTRACTIVE LEADING LADY, a full dramatic company and a brass and string band are wanted for next season, beginning the latter part of August, with the Edwin Clifford Dramatic Company. Managers of circuits, opera-houses and halls are also requested to address Mr. Clifford, as per card, giving sharing

CINCINNATI NEWS is furnished by our correspondent, dating July 26, as appended: "The D'Alve Sisters, who are neat dressers and nice duettists and banjoists; Johnny Shay, comedian; and Orville and Reese, trapeze performers, constituted the fresh appearances at Shickling's Music Hall 22. Biz very good. Departures: Orville and Reese, to Cleveland; Lydia Rosa and Perry Brothers, St. Louis; Dody Zanfretta and Lulu Francis. Opening 29: Harry and Mary Thompson, Charles O. White and Lillian Howard. .....At the Olympic Theatre the opening people 22 were the three Crimmins Brothers, comedians; Charles N. and Martha E. Steen in second-sight mystery; Jessie Adams, serio-comic; Little Gracie May, child vocalist; Barney Reardon, comedian and club-swinger; and Harry Fisher, comedian. The Crimmins Brothers and Emma La Manse take a benefit this evening. Bertha Rigle opens 29..... John Harris and Charley Gallagher, comedians; Bertha Rigle, vocalist; Lottie Macarthy, serio-comic artist; and Master Ocie, trapezist, opened at the Eldorado 22. Biz good. Bertha Rigle closes to-morrow. Opening 29: Lotta and Lizzy Amann, Maurittius and the Crimmins Brothers. .....Sam Howard opened 22 at White House..... Charley Shay's Quinquiplexal had a very successful inauguration 23 at Lockland, O. Among the company were the Morella Brothers, four in number; Prof. S. Rhinehart and dogs, Mons. Goroux, Mulligan and Morris, Charles W. Young, Mlle. Leona, Viola Morris, Nellie Massea and Eata Morence. The route during next (this) week will be along the Miami Canal, north of Dayton..... A large building heretofore used as a pork-house, situated on the corner of Vine and Canal streets, is to be opened as a variety theatre about Sept. 1 under the management of Charley McDonald.....Several parties are after the National Theatre, and it will also undoubtedly be reopened as a vaudeville in the Fall. The demolition of Wood's Theatre gives 'Old Drury' a chance.....Ex-manager Nat Hyams is in town, waiting for something to turn up.....The Brighton Opera-house has closed until after the heated term.....J. W. Wesley reached town yesterday after a month's retirement in the country, looking better than in years. His wife (Addie Johnson) has rejoined him."

THE MODERATION in the weather caused an improvement in the attendance at Crone's City Garden, Indianapolis, Ind., the past week. The new faces 22 were Johnny Whitney, Emma Clifford and Nellie Heywood, with Marsh Adams and Dan Mason re-engaged. The closures 27 are Dan Mason, to Lafayette; and Nellie Heywood. Opening 29: Lillie Ellis, Mons. Florentine and Harry Leslie. Proprietor Jacob Crone takes his annual benefit Aug. 2. Prof. Beissenherz's orchestra and brass band are giving Sunday-evening concerts at the Garden to good business.....Opening at Greunert's Hall 29 are the Shellman Sisters and Nellie Heywood..... Mr. Glidden, recently of Huber and Glidden, has located in this city, instead of at Evansville, Ind., and has opened a tonsorial establishment on East Market street, two doors east of the Circle..... Miss Kate McDonald left for New York 22.....Harry Wharfe, stage-manager of the Metropolitan, is rusticating at Jackson, Mich., where his wife resides. He will be absent three weeks yet. Letter of 26.

MRS. MARTHA A. WILLEY, mother of Mrs. Emma Austin of the Merry Austins, died of consumption July 14 in Mount Vernon, N. Y., and on the following Sunday (21) her grandmother, Mrs. Mary Goodwin, died. Mrs. Austin will return to her husband's home, in Providence, R. I., to rest through August.

VARIETY NEWS from our Baltimore correspondent up to July 27 is as follows:

It is reported that Mr. Wm. Calvert has leased the Concordia Opera-house for the coming season .....The Front-street Theatre was last week leased by George Nachman, proprietor of the Nachman House. He is favorably known to the profession as an efficient leader of orchestra, and carries with him that advantage, together with an extensive managerial experience, into his new undertaking. It will be remembered that he successfully ran the New American Theatre for three seasons, and that while he has conducted establishments of a like nature in other cities. The house will open for the season Sept. 2. The theatre is now undergoing elaborate improvements, consisting of painting inside and out, papering, frescoing, putting in additional gas-fixtures to give more prominence to the front of the building, the alteration of proscenium, placing a chair in orchestra, etc., all at the expense of the new management. R. M. Reid will be in his old position of treasurer.....Business at the Central Summer Garden has been fair. The only new features this week were Sam Hines and Mlle. Josephine in the trapeze. Departures 27: Reynolds and Walling, to join Pat Rooney's New York Traveling Combination; Mlle. Martelle, Sam Hines and Mlle. Josephine, Devlin and Tracey and the Lyons Sisters, New York. Underlined for 29: Eugene Lavelle, Topack and Long, and Fernando Fleury and Louise Murio.....Jennie Brenond plays in Philadelphia the coming week, and after that her intention is to retire to private life in Chicago..... The first grand fete of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, Baltimore Lodge, No. 7, will be held at Harewood Park on Aug. 7.....Barry and Gray, eccentric song-and-dance men, were the only arrivals at the Union 22. Business fair. The steam fans in use keep the place comfortably cool in the hottest weather. R. Jean Buckley has returned from his vacation. Departures 27: Belle Fosselle, Minnie Clyde and Ada Stanwood, all to New York. Emma Leon, Mary Raymond, Kitty Allyne, Annie Harrison and the Old Virginia Serenaders.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

WILLIAM COURTRIGHT, who has made a marked success with Kelly & Leon's Minstrels in Australia, publishes his permanent address, while there, in another part of this issue.

BARLOW, WILSON, PRIMROSE & WEST'S Minstrels are organized as follows for the coming season: J. H. Laine, business-manager; Milt. G. Barlow, George Wilson, George H. Primrose, William West, comedians; Edwin French, bandjoist; Eddie Fox, violin-soloist; Jacob Koenig, cornet-soloist; D. R. Hawkens, interlocutor; the Queen City Quartet—Edwin Harley, tenor; Frank Howard, second tenor; W. H. Hunt, basso; D. R. Hawkens, second basso. The orchestra will include Eddie Fox, leader; Jacob Koenig, cornet; Albert Andress, second violin; Bruce Forrester, clarionet; Al Rheinhart, bass; John Scoville, trombone; and Dan Flemming, flute. The brass band will consist of ten pieces. Opening stand: Reading, Pa., Aug. 12. See company call in advertising columns.

SWEATNAM'S MINSTRELS will open at the Arch-street Opera-house, Philadelphia, on Sept. 16. Billy Sweatnam left Philadelphia July 24 on a brief professional visit to San Francisco.

E. K. SLOCUM will be interlocutor and stage-manager of Carncross' Minstrels, next season, at the Eleventh-street Opera-house, Philadelphia.

SAM S. SANDFORD'S MINSTRELS will have a benefit excursion to Cape May on Aug. 12.

DUPREZ & BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS had a fairly successful week at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, Ill., where they closed July 27, to open in Cincinnati 29.....Harry Robinson's Minstrels, with the addition of Arlington, Cotton and Kemble, play the week of 29 at Hooley's.....Ben Cotton is in Chicago, perfecting arrangements for the Wagner & Cotton Minstrels for next season. They open in Rochester, N. Y., Aug. 20.

EMERSON'S CALIFORNIA MINSTRELS and the Big Four—Smith, Waldron, Morton and Martin—will begin their next season at the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, Aug. 26. Business communications should be addressed to Ernest Stanley, manager, as per advertisement.

CALLENDER'S GEORGIA MINSTRELS appear at the Griswold Opera-house, Troy, N. Y., Aug 3.

FOUCHE & MURRELL'S PLANTATION MINSTRELS, consisting of eighteen negro artists, with Harry Hart's brass band and orchestra, will commence a traveling season in Indianapolis, Ind., Sept. 2. Hall proprietors are requested to address J. Van Dusen, as per card, and a working agent is wanted.

CALLENDER'S GEORGIA MINSTRELS, under J. H. Haverly, are to sing in Worcester, Mass., July 29, Northampton 30, Holyoke 31, Greenfield Aug. 1, North Adams 2, Troy 3, Binghamton 5, Waverly 6, Elmira 7, Bradford 8, Buffalo 9, 10. The Bohee Bros. join shortly.

CIRCUSES.

FRANK A. GARDNER publishes a lengthy card in our business department, explaining why he was unable to meet Wm. H. Batcheller in Quincy, Ill. The card also contains fresh propositions.

ROBERT WHITE, a mulatto, who left Richmond, Va., with Campbell's (O'Brien's) Circus, is earnestly requested to communicate with his mother. Anyone knowing his present whereabouts will confer a favor by communicating with Mrs. F. S. McPherson, 13 Broad street, Richmond, Va.

W. W. COLE'S CIRCUS exhibited in Quincy, Ill., July 29 to crowded tents, afternoon and night. During the afternoon performance A. E. Richards, proprietor of the candy-stand privilege, was presented by John D. Evans, on behalf of a number of the employes, with a handsome bronze statuette and pair of diamond studs, said to be valued at $100. Mr. Richards returned thanks in a neat speech, and the party adjourned to an impromptu champagne dinner.

P. T. BARNUM'S GREAT SHOW is to exhibit this week in Chicago, Ill., Danville Aug. 5, Decatur 6, Litchfield 7, Shelbyville, Ky., 8, Paris 9, Terre Haute, Ind., 10, Greencastle 12, Indianapolis 13. Buess is reported very large, people being turned away very frequently for lack of accomodation.

THE NEW YORK CIRCUS is billed to show in Sheldon, Ia., July 29, Sibley 30, Adrian 31, Luverne, Minn., Aug. 1, Beaver Creek, Dakotah, 2, Sioux Falls 3, Canton 5, Portland, Ia., 6, Elk Point, Dak., 7, Vermillion 8, Hamilton 9, 10, John McMahon, Indian hurdle-rider, joined the show at Medalia, Ia., July 19. He was lately connected with the defunct Hagar's Paris Circus.

CIRCUS and menagerie printing in from five to seven colors is offered for sale cheap by the Great American Engraving and Printing Company. See card.

BARNUM'S "Greatest Show on Earth" begins a week's season on the Lake Front, Chicago, Ill., July 29.....Tom Barry, clown of Foreaugh's Show, has been seriously ill there several weeks, but is now convalescing.

DAN RICE'S boat "Damsel," recently sunk in the Missouri River, has been raised.

THE LONDON SHOW exhibited in Palo, Ia., July 26, Des Moines 27, thence to Council Bluffs 28, Avoca, Atlantic, Wintersett and Indianola.

FOREPAUGH'S CIRCUS, owing to the heavy license charged in Eau Claire, Wis., is to jump that town and locate about twelve miles farther up the Chippewa River, among the pines. The show will be there early in August.

VAN AMBURGH & CO.'S MENAGERIE AND CIRCUS is billed at Pulaski, N. Y., July 29, Camden 30, Adams 31, Watertown Aug. 1, Gouverneur 2, Potsdam 3, Malone 5, Champlain 6, St. Albans, Vt., 7, Burlington 8, Middlebury 9, Brandon 10, Rutland 12, Bennington 13, Manchester 14.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PROF. L. D. ATCHISON, aeronaut, under the management of J. A. Whitney, made an ascension in Elmwood, Ill., July 20. When up about five hundred feet he lost his hold of the trapeze and fell, striking full length. His death was instantaneous. It is thought that he was overcome by the heat.

FIRST-CLASS COMBINATIONS desiring dates next season at the Savannah Theatre or the Masonic Temple, Savannah, Ga., are requested to address Thomas Arkwright, as per card.

DAVE PEYSER, general contracting agent of the Aiken Combination, can be addressed through H. Wall's agency, as per card.

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, is to be open on Sundays hereafter, commencing July 28. The reduction in the price of admission had the effect of more than doubling the daily number of visitors last week.....The Siege of Paris" was exhibited for the last time 28, preparatory to its removal to Boston.....The Zoological Garden is well attended daily, and is a deservedly popular resort. .....At the Academy of Fine Arts and at Pennsylvania Museum the attendance is but moderate during the warm weather.....The twentieth annual games of the Caledonian Club of Philadelphia will be held August 12 at Saenger Park.

PARTIES who have dates booked at Holcombe Hall, Lynchburg, Va., are requested to telegraph to E. A. Emerson, agent, at his expense. See card.

DEATH OF MINNIE WARREN.—An account of the demise and burial, together with a biographical sketch of this little lady, may be found upon our first page.

THEATRICAL GOODS are imported and manufactured by Shannon, Miller & Crane, and the firm also makes a specialty of military, society, circus and regalia ornaments, trimmings, woven rowing and football suits, etc. For further information read their advertisement.

THEATRE CHAIRS of every description are manufactured by the Demarest & Joyce Manufacturing Co., and they invite proprietors of halls and opera-houses to send for an illustrated catalogue and price-list. Their advertisement contains wood-engravings of two of their most popular styles of chairs.

PROF. MACALLISTER, magician, appeared at the Academy of Music, Providence, R. I., last week, to not very encouraging business. The entertainments, however, gave the best of satisfaction.....The Summer gardens in and near that city are in a flourishing condition. The performers announced for this week at the "Sans-Souci" Garden are George Warren, Harry Bryant, Harry Hart, Frank Harrison and the Novello Quartet.....The following are announced at the Park Garden: Prof. Allen the aeronaut, Fewor and Shields, and the Lawrences.....At Rocky Point the following are billed: Barney McNulty, George Sullivan, J. W. Barry and Sullivan and Harrington.

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JOSEPH P. SMITH, manager of Millie Christine, the two-headed nightingale, Baron Littlefinger and Count Rosebud, left England for New York July 20. He would like to see the gentlemen with whom he has been in correspondence, and can be addressed care of this office.

A PECULIAR SUICIDE.—George W. Burleigh, an old resident of Ohio, went to Capron, Ill., in May last to open a business there. He was well educated, and possessed good conversational powers. He frequently was depressed in spirits. On July 21 he published a card informing the citizens that, in order to gratify an often expressed curiosity on the part of his townsmen to witness some such tragedy as the hanging of Sherry and Connolly, in Chicago, he would on the evening of July 23 deliver a lecture in Thornton Hall, and at its conclusion gratify the desire by committing suicide himself through the forehead. The price of admission would be $1, and the amount realized should be used for his funeral expenses, and the remainder be invested in the works of Huxley, Tyndall and Darwin for the town library. His idea in ending his life was to secure eternal peace by annihilation. At the appointed hour on the night of the lecture the hall was crowded, though it is probable that few really believed the lecturer would fulfill all that he announced. Two of Mr. Burleigh's friends were, however, stationed on the stage, in the wings, to prevent the execution of his design should he seriously attempt it. After delivering an infidel lecture of wonderful power, he suddenly drew a Derringer, put it to his forehead, and discharged it ere the watchers on the stage could reach him. As they approached he fell into their arms. A subsequent examination showed that the large-sized bullet literally tore his brain to pieces. He left a request that his remains should be forwarded to his friends in Cincinnati, O.

HARRY LESLIE is walking a rope 800 feet long and 100 feet above the earth near Toronto, Ont., excursion-boats running thither from that city. He intends remaining there three weeks longer.

"BALLOON" advertises an 18,000ft. gas-balloon for sale cheap.

THE ENGEL CLOCK will be put on exhibition in the Art Gallery of Library Hall, Pittsburg, Pa., on July 29, for a season of several weeks, after which it will be taken to the Louisville (Ky.) Exposition.

JAS. OWEN O'CONNOR, supported by Miss Charlotte Lindsay and Master Spong, are to entertain the public in Atlantic City, N. J., Aug. 3.

THE MIDGETS did so well in Detroit, Mich., that they remained all the past week, canceling their Toledo dates. They gave a sacred matinee and concert in the Detroit Opera-house 28. The company go direct from there to Long Branch, N. J.

PEDANTO, gymnastic aeronaut, whose address find in another column, can be engaged for fairs, festivals, etc.

PROF. DARE gave high-rope exhibitions in Burlington, Vt., July 24, Montpelier 25, St. Albans 26, Malone, N. Y., 27, and will be in Potsdam, Ogdensburg, Watertown and Oswego this week.

BARRETT AND STEWART in their seance of spiritualism are open for engagements. Address care of this office.

FRANCOIS R. BLITZ is rusticating in Detroit, Mich.

HENRY WARD BEECHER is to locate in Mankato, Minn., July 29, Albert Lee Aug. 1.

FURNISHED ROOMS for housekeeping can be secured at the advertised address.

SNAKES are advertised for sale by P. Mooney.

AMATEUR.

"HARRY BOYLE'S CABIN MINSTRELS" of Belleville, Ill., include Harry Boyle, general-manager; Harry C. Gordon, stage-manager; Prof. G. S. Lewis, musical director; Harry Norton, G. S. Thompson, Jeppe Newton (bones), C. C. Gibbins (tambo), S. J. Page, Henry Stitzel, and G. Barlow. Henry Huhn Jr. is advance-agent.

THE SUSQUEHANNA (PA.) DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION, at their semi-annual meeting July 23, elected the following officers: G. Johnson, business-manager; C. T. Bartram, stage-manager; C. Tingley, secretary; and D. Malpass, treasurer.

FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

DRAMATIC.

Music and the Drama in Australia.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

MELBOURNE, June 17, 1878.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CLIPPER.—*Dear Sir:* At the date of my last advices "A Celebrated Case" was being played at the Theatre Royal, in which a young child—Little Bella Herndon—played a very prominent part, and, by her splendid and natural performance, elicited general admiration. Mrs. Herndon was also specially engaged, and played the mother in the prologue and the daughter in the drama. It was well produced and acted, little scenery by John Hennings being, as usual, of the highest order; still, it tailed to draw. After a fortnight's presentation it was withdrawn to make way for J. J. Wallace, who as "The Man from America" at once stepped into favor with his audiences. As your readers are no doubt aware, "The Man from America" is intended to represent George Francis Train; and, as I had the pleasure of personally knowing that irrepressible individual some years ago in this city, I can safely and unhesitatingly assert that Mr. Wallace's impersonation was thoroughly life-like in every particular and detail. Mr. Wallace has also shown great ability as a character actor in Havresack in "The Old Guard," and also in a new drama called "The Irish Exile," in which he impersonated the hero, displaying much force and considerable pathos and feeling. He was also well supported in this play, H. H. Vincent appearing as Morgan Wolfe, Stirling Whyte as Lord Kilgour, C. H. Taylor as the old '98 sentry Phelim Tug. The season has been far from a success, half salaries being the rule for the last few weeks, and great dissatisfaction expressed by all thereat. A close of a week, and then a short season of Italian opera succeeded, during which Signorinas Guadagnini and Fabris and Mesdames Amy Sherwin and Bessie Pitts (debutants), with Signors Rosnati, Gambetti, Cesare, Favas, Cameo, Palatini and Armes Beaumont, are singing in a series of grand operas. Miss Sherwin, quite a young girl and a native of Tasmania, has completely taken the town by storm. So grand a round of performances under such peculiar circumstances has never before been known in the musical annals of Australia. She made her Melbourne debut as Lucia in "Lucia di Lammermoor," a part which she is said to have studied and splendidly performed within eight days. She also studied and represented Amina in "La Sonnambula" in less than seven, and singing both in a foreign (Italian) tongue denotes the possession of the faculty professionally known as "quick study." She has also youth and good looks in her favor, and a voice of astonishing sweetness and volume. This young cantatrice, after a short visit to Adelaide and Sydney, will go to Sydney (a perfect herself) and pave the way for her appearances in the principal capitals of the world. During the short season Verdi's grand opera "La Forza del Destino" was given for the first time in Australia; but, owing to hurried rehearsals, it fell flat on its first representation, and was withdrawn. This season, also a most unsuccessful one, came to a close on Friday evening last with the performance of "Don Pasquale." On Saturday night last Amedeo Beaumont commenced a series of twelve farewell performances prior to his departure for England with W. S. Lyster. He opened as Thaddeus in "The Bohemian Girl," supported by Mme. Simonsen as the heroine and an excellent company. At the close of these performances the opera people will vacate the stage, and the lease of the Opera-house will be taken, during Mr. Lyster's absence in Europe, by George B. W. Lewis of the Academy of Music. He will, I hear, open his season with the return of Mr. Creswick the tragedian, who will appear in a round of his old parts, and personally superintend the production of "The Tempest," "Midsummer night's Dream," and "The First Part of Henry IV.," in which he will act Sir John Falstaff. Mr. Lewis will also continue the management of the Academy.....The fates of late have been very unkind to L. M. Bayliss at the New Princess' Theatre, but the last new venture will, I think, greatly assist to pull him through his difficulties. After considerable up-hill work with his stock company, he withdrew them for a week in favor of the Original Georgia Minstrels, who gave a good performance and drew very well. This he followed up with a new dramatic version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which was placed upon the stage last Saturday week. The version is an excellent one, and by including the members of the Georgia Minstrel Troupe in the cast something like effective realism has been obtained. It will be seen by the following distribution that a large proportion of the characters in Mrs. Stowe's book have been introduced: Mr. Shelby, Chas. Lewis; George Shelby, Master Phelan; St. Clare, Mr. Dunn (son of "that Rascal Jack"); Phineas Von Trompe, H. Douglas Powell; Legree, W. H. Russell; Mr. Wilson, Mr. Nunn; Tom Loker, W. South; Marks, H. Fower; Landlord, Mr. Gregory; Uncle Tom, Hosea Easton; Citizen, Mr. Hart; George Harris, E. B. Boothman; Little Harry, Harry Hart; Sam, D. Lake; Lake, D. Bowman; Sambo, C. B. Hicks; Quimbo, J. R. Matlock; Mrs. Shelby, Mrs. Gladstane; Marie, Miss Nellie Greenlees; Eliza Ophelia, Mrs. Wooldridge; Eliza Harris, Miss Kate McNulty, George Sullivan, J. W. Barry and Sullivan and Harrington.

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ST. JAMES' HALL, Buffalo, N. Y., is being remodeled and fitted with modern improvements. The house when completed will be in a condition to afford satisfaction to dramatic, operatic or any other style of entertainment. It will be ready for occupancy Sept. 1. The scenic and decorative effects are by Fred Stanfield. Dates can now be arranged for by applying to C. G. Flint, as per card.

JOSEPH P. SMITH, manager of Millie Christine, the two-headed nightingale, Baron Littlefinger and Count Rosebud, left England for New York July 20. He would like to see the gentlemen with whom he has been in correspondence, and can be addressed care of this office.

A PECULIAR SUICIDE.—George W. Burleigh, an old resident of Ohio, went to Capron, Ill., in May last to open a business there. He was well educated, and possessed good conversational powers. He frequently was depressed in spirits. On July 21 he published a card informing the citizens that, in order to gratify an often expressed curiosity on the part of his townsmen to witness some such tragedy as the hanging of Sherry and Connolly, in Chicago, he would on the evening of July 23 deliver a lecture in Thornton Hall, and at its conclusion gratify the desire by committing suicide himself through the forehead. The price of admission would be $1, and the amount realized should be used for his funeral expenses, and the remainder be invested in the works of Huxley, Tyndall and Darwin for the town library. His idea in ending his life was to secure eternal peace by annihilation. At the appointed hour on the night of the lecture the hall was crowded, though it is probable that few really believed the lecturer would fulfill all that he announced. Two of Mr. Burleigh's friends were, however, stationed on the stage, in the wings, to prevent the execution of his design should he seriously attempt it. After delivering an infidel lecture of wonderful power, he suddenly drew a Derringer, put it to his forehead, and discharged it ere the watchers on the stage could reach him. As they approached he fell into their arms. A subsequent examination showed that the large-sized bullet literally tore his brain to pieces. He left a request that his remains should be forwarded to his friends in Cincinnati, O.

HARRY LESLIE is walking a rope 800 feet long and 100 feet above the earth near Toronto, Ont., excursion-boats running thither from that city. He intends remaining there three weeks longer.

"BALLOON" advertises an 18,000ft. gas-balloon for sale cheap.

THE ENGEL CLOCK will be put on exhibition in the Art Gallery of Library Hall, Pittsburg, Pa., on July 29, for a season of several weeks, after which it will be taken to the Louisville (Ky.) Exposition.

JAS. OWEN O'CONNOR, supported by Miss Charlotte Lindsay and Master Spong, are to entertain the public in Atlantic City, N. J., Aug. 3.

THE MIDGETS did so well in Detroit, Mich., that they remained all the past week, canceling their Toledo dates. They gave a sacred matinee and concert in the Detroit Opera-house 28. The company go direct from there to Long Branch, N. J.

PEDANTO, gymnastic aeronaut, whose address find in another column, can be engaged for fairs, festivals, etc.

PROF. DARE gave high-rope exhibitions in Burlington, Vt., July 24, Montpelier 25, St. Albans 26, Malone, N. Y., 27, and will be in Potsdam, Ogdensburg, Watertown and Oswego this week.

BARRETT AND STEWART in their seance of spiritualism are open for engagements. Address care of this office.

FRANCOIS R. BLITZ is rusticating in Detroit, Mich.

HENRY WARD BEECHER is to locate in Mankato, Minn., July 29, Albert Lee Aug. 1.

FURNISHED ROOMS for housekeeping can be secured at the advertised address.

SNAKES are advertised for sale by P. Mooney.

MUSICAL.

MISS KATE MCNROE, an American, has signed an engagement for three years at the Renaissance Theatre, Paris, the manager reserving the right to transfer her to any other theatre in that city.

THE WEDDING of Mlle. Emma Albani and Ernest Gye is definitely announced to take place June 4 in the Roman Catholic Church, Warwick street, Regent street, London.

MME. PATTI and Signor Nicolini, it is said, have been engaged by Cramer & Co. to give two concerts in Ireland for the enormous sum of £800 (nearly $4,000) for both concerts.

THE DEATH is announced—at Izelles-les Bruxelles, of De Corrinck, the celebrated piano professor, aged 68; at Berlin, of Deprosse, a German leider writer, aged 40; and at Milan, of Domenico Baretta, aged 77, and for forty years chief-clarionet at the Fenice of Venice.

ADELINA PATTI will make her first appearance in Covent-garden Theatre, London, Eng., July 11, for the first time.

SIGNOR FOLI the baritone, who before he went on the operatic stage was a carpenter in the United States, and paid for his own tuition, and studied his art "after hours," is coming to this country with J. H. Mapleson's company.

MME. PATTI has not withdrawn her suit to annul her marriage with the Marquis de Caux, as has been stated. The case is still going on in Paris, and, as the savings of her life—some £64,000—depend upon its issue, it will be prosecuted to the end, unless a compromise should be effected.

AN AMUSING ACCOUNT of the recent production of the opera of "Alma" at Covent-garden, London, Eng., is given in *The Figaro* as follows: "There were some amusing points in connection with the first performance of that exceedingly funny work "Alma" at Covent-garden. It is among the curiosities of operatic stage-management that the soldier in historical stage costume should walk up and down alone at the back of the stage throughout the first act. Nobody took notice of him, and until he rushed off the stage to shoot somebody he took notice of no one. The Enchantress had a long solo, and apparently he had not heard Albani and M. Capoul made love, the slave was bought and sold, was threatened, attempted to commit suicide, and was set again, while that wonderful soldier took but the smallest notice of these various transactions. It was curious, too, to see the bayaderes accompanying Mlle. Albani on a dozen harps, when not a sound of a harp is heard in the orchestra. It was curious to hear the music so funny, too, to see the three fugitives stroll down to the footlights to sing the inevitable barcarolle before they providentially found a punt; it was curious to hear the three runaways sing a mournful duet as the sentry was firing at them; it was curious that the soldier's gun would not at first go off, and that above the orchestra could be heard the mellifluous Nigge of somebody behind: 'Fire, you fools!' and it was curious to hear the tuneful ripples of the water dashed by the waves, and accompanied in their song by the strains of a fine Erard harp. How that harp came there no one can imagine, except upon the principle of the time-honored anecdote of 'The Devil's Bridge,' wherein old Braham, dressed in full evening-dress, and with crush hat and faultless gloves, enters, saying: 'Aha, I have found my way to the Castle of Criminal Forest,' and that is this I see? A piano!' and down he sat and sang the inevitable ballad. If we extend our curiosity to the second act of 'Alma' we find the scene opening with two tough scenes roasting on a spit. The geese, which take the place of soldiers in the first act, do not turn, no one takes notice of them, they take notice of nobody, and by the time the fat is over-cooked the geese ought to be very brown indeed. The sea voyage in an open punt and the journey from Goa (in Portugese India!) to Lisbon has had no effect on the costumes. Mlle. Albani wears the same fascinating dress in which she made her début, and Mme. Chilpelia the same imitation shirt-front, while M. Capoul, who had a slight smut on the left side of his nose at Goa, had the same little dirt at Lisbon. The King of Portugal enters, attended by twelve ballet-girls, without whom he, perhaps, never appears in the streets of Lisbon. Of course, directly he enters, he strolls down to the footlights and sings a song, after every verse of which the ballet-girls and Mlle. Albani point their toes. If the patient efforts of Mlle. De Beiocca, seated on the table and swinging her feet, to make a cigarette, how she twisted it and tore it, and how at last she took up a Lucifer, which promptly went out by her side, and lit and smoked it, I will not speak. It will suffice that, after a quarrel between the poet and the King, apparently upon the important question whether both should drink of the same goblet or whether one should sip the nectar from the bottle, the King is dangerously wounded. Being wounded, the King seizes the opportunity to sing, to dance (as only Signor Contegni can dance), and to die—courtiers in the ribs. Perhaps this will be found enough of the performance of 'Alma,' and of the oft-boasted 'magnificent resources of the Royal Italian Opera.'"

VARIETY HALLS.

OF FERGUSON AND MACK, who made their English debut at the Metropolitan, London, Eng., July 8, *The Era* says: "They are undoubtedly clever, their jokes, if old, are telling and mirth-provoking, their dancing is first-rate, and their burlesque acrobatic display as the 'Roast-beef Brothers' has only to be seen to be enjoyed." No notice was taken of the début of the Richmond Sisters and Andy and Annie Hughes at other theatres on the same date..... Canfield and Booker, also Fred Wilson, were performing in Crowder's Music Hall.

IN THE PROVINCES, Jolly Nash was at the Alhambra Palace and J. H. Milburn at the Mechanics' Music Hall, Hull, Eng.....Baby Bindley and Austin and Hess were at the Gaiety, Manchester.....Reynolds and Romer were at the Star, Stockton.

LUKLINE the Water Queen is at the Walhalla Theatre, Berlin, and is to remain there until October. The Garnellas are also performing there.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

DAVE CARSON'S MINSTREL AND VARIETY COMPANY were perpetrating at the Lyceum Theatre, Hongkong, China, in April last. His company includes, besides himself and wife, J. E. Arnold, George Norville, J. B. Farrell, and Little Etta.

CIRCUSES.

IT'S THE SAME OVER THERE.—The hair-breadth escapes from death which only circus showmen encounter, the ferocious wild beasts that escape from their dens, and, after striking terror to the hearts of all the inhabitants of some small village, are only subdued by the great love they have for their keepers, and quietly led back to their cages, have their prototypes in the old country, as will be seen from the appended item:

"ESCAPE AND CAPTURE OF A LEOPARD.—While the servants in a wild-beast show were cleaning a leopard's cage, in Stockwell street, Glasgow, July 10, the animal forced its way out and bounded into the street, causing the greatest alarm to people in the neighborhood. It seized a dog belonging to a carrier and killed it. The leopard was run into a corner, and its keeper, lassooing it round the neck with a stout rope, brought it back to its cage."

MISCELLANEOUS.

STANLEY DUST, who was here as Robert Heller's business-manager, and Harry Bonfanti, for a long time connected with the principal equestrian establishments in Europe, have opened a dramatic agency at 22 Dear street, Oxford street, London, Eng.

AMUSEMENTS.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.
GARDNER & BACHE.....Managers
Engagement of the eminent Irish comedian
T. GRATTAN RIGGS,
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full of rollicking humor, startling incidents, and new and novel effects.
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N. B.—The management do not bind themselves to have hotels or halls built express

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THE CLIPPER is issued every Tuesday morning. The first, fourth, fifth and eighth pages GO TO PRESS ON SATURDAY, and the second, third, sixth and seventh pages on Monday evening. Advertisements intended for the outside pages should reach us not later than noon on Saturday, and all favors should reach us early on Monday to insure their insertion in that week's issue.

ADVERTISEMENTS SENT BY TELEGRAPH must reach here not later than 6 P. M. on Monday.

TO AVOID LOSS, when remitting money by mail, we would advise our patrons to register their letters or procure Post-office orders. Make all orders payable to and address all communications

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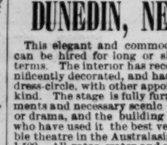

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All business communications to be addressed to ERNEST STANLEY, Business-manager, care of C. R. GARDINER, 12 Union square, New York.
N. B.—Managers holding contracts with Mr. J. H. Mack are respectfully notified that they are null and void. 19-1t

THE FONTAINEBLEAU CHILDREN,
LEONA AND BABY ELLA,
WITH TONY PASTOR'S TRAVELING COMPANY,
are receiving an ovation wherever they appear. Now playing at Bush street Theatre, San Francisco. Have great novelties in preparation for the coming season. For particulars see future advertisements. 17-3t

FRANK A. GARDNER
TO
W. H. BATCHELLER.

As you have been doing a great deal of newspaper talk, which is MOSTLY WIND, in justice to myself I make the following statement: Mr. Batcheller, you say that superiority was awarded to you in the single-summersault and in height, and that you went over the bed in your double-summersault. Now, you did nothing of the kind. You tried three different doubles, and then failed to come up to mine; and besides, you never lit on your FEET ONCE. I reaped a good, clear double, and lit fair and square on my feet. In regard to height, I CLEARED the pyramid and you hit it. I leave this to Eddy Snow. He was on top of the pyramid. I leaped a very poor single-summersault; and, if I had tried it over again, I should have BEATEN you a great deal more than you did me. The cause of my failure in this leap was your BAR AND BOARD, which were so stiff that it was almost impossible for me to leap. I leave this to the performers who were with the show. Next, why did you not answer this letter?

TOPEKA, July 9, 1878.

W. H. BATCHELLER, ESQ.—DEAR SIR: I have accepted your challenges, and, if you will come to Hannibal, Mo., the 20th of July, and leap me for $250 or more, I will pay all of your expenses and salary for lost time. You can bring your own bar and board, have your own run, and leap in the afternoon, and I will leap on my bar and board and run at night. The one that goes over the highest and greatest distance to take the money and the title of champion.

Still later I sent the following dispatch:

JUNCTION CITY, July 12.

W. H. BATCHELLER, Ottawa, Kansas, Cole's Circus: Did you receive my letter, and do you accept my offer to come to Hannibal and leap me? Answer to Parsons, Kansas, the 13th.

To this you made no answer in any way, but take advantage of my letter, and publish an article in THE CLIPPER requesting me to come to Quincy, Ill., on the 20th. I see you do not want to leap me. In fact, you only want to gain a little newspaper notoriety. If you had made a private proposition to me, and given me time, I should have accepted it and gone to Quincy and leaped you. Even if I had seen THE CLIPPER a little sooner, I should have accepted the proposition; but, as it was, I did not get a CLIPPER until Saturday, the 20th, and then it was too late. Now, Mr. Batcheller, I will make this proposition to you and the profession, as there are several good leapers, viz., let each one deposit a certain amount in Frank Queen's hands, get a medal made, and have a general contest. The best man to win, and if he can hold the medal for three years against all comers, let him hold it for life; and I will wager you outside from $50 to $1,000 that I will win the medal. This would give all leapers a chance, and settle all dispute in regard to who is the champion. Further, you say that, if I think that Mr. Cole will derive any benefit from a public contest, we can leap in private. How is it, then, that all of the Quincy papers advertised that we would leap a match for the championship at the night performance. There were several notices published to that effect, and here is one of them:

CHAMPIONSHIP LEAPS.—Quincy is to witness a grand extra performance at Cole's Show on Saturday. Batcheller, the great leaper of Howe's London Show, has promised to come to Quincy and leap with Batcheller, the acknowledged champion of the arena, for $500 a side and the championship title. The money is on deposit in the office of THE NEW YORK CLIPPER. Mr. Batcheller is already here, and Mr. Gardner will probably arrive to-morrow.

What was this done for but to make my friends believe that I was afraid to go to Quincy and leap you. It seems it was for that purpose, as announcement was made in the ring that I had failed to make my appearance.

Now, Mr. Batcheller, I will make another proposition: If the London Show runs after the Cole Show closes, I will pay you your salary and expenses to come and leap me, and leap with me for four weeks; and I will wager $1,000 that you cannot do the everyday leaping that I do (neither can any other man living do it), and some time during the four weeks our match can come off. What do you think of it? Let us hear from you.

FRANK A. CARDNER,
LONDON SHOW.

N. B.—I wish to speak of the everyday leaping I have done since I left New York, rain or shine, or up-hill runs. I have done a single and double over five elephants and one camel, with one elephant standing on a four-foot pedestal, and at times I have added two or three horses and a pyramid on the back of the elephant that stands on the pedestal, and I have done this when one slat was broken in two in my leaping-board. 19-1t

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Strawberries and Cream, song-and-dance, Delehanty and Hengler's, 50cts.; I Trust You Will Excuse, song-and-dance, 40cts.; Dear Old Friends, Gus Williams', 20cts.; Turn Off the Gas at the Metre, Tony Pastor's, 30cts.; Johnny Morgan, 20cts.; Whoa, Emma! 20cts.; Hot-corn Man, Sam Devere, 40cts.; Maria Jane, Sam Devere, 40cts.; O George! 35cts.; Jane Moran, 35c.; I'm in Love, Dutch, George Knight, 35cts. Mailed, postpaid. L. P. GOULLAUD, 86 Tremont street, Boston. 19-2t

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THE REGULAR SEASON FOR 1878 AND '79 will open on MONDAY, SEPT. 30, 1878.
Specialty artists, sensational and dramatic artists, and combinations of recognized ability may secure dates by addressing
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This house will be ready to REOPEN about the MIDDLE OF SEPTEMBER, 1878, after having been ENTIRELY REMODELED under the direction of the eminent theatrical architect WALLACE HUME of Chicago. When completed, it will not be surpassed for beauty and convenience by any house in New England. The stage has been greatly enlarged, new dressing-rooms have been built, and new scenery added. Size of stage, 30ft. 8in. back of curtain; Proscenium opening, 36ft. wide and 36ft. high. The auditorium has been completely remodeled, floor pitched, four proscenium-boxes built, and elegant parlors and retiring-rooms added. An entirely new balcony has also been constructed. The seating capacity of the main floor is 800; Balcony, 700; all new opera-chairs. The entrance to main floor of auditorium is 5ft. wide, and on a level with the sidewalk. COMBINATIONS treated in the most liberal manner. For terms and dates address
WILLIAM H. LOW, JR., MANAGER.
There are no free stockholders' tickets at this house. 18 11t*

TO MILES ORTON,
AND WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.
This is to certify that in the Circuit Court of the City of St. Louis, Judge Boyle presiding, on the 20th day of May, 1878, I was granted an absolute divorce from Miles Orton, and that the same was recorded at the office of said Court, in the city of St. Louis, June 11, 1878. A copy of the decree sent by registered letter to Miles Orton, Norris, Mich.
MARY A COLE,
formerly MRS. MILES ORTON.
18 3t*

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in returning thanks to the numerous managers who have offered him engagements, begs to announce that he has signed a contract for the season of 1878-79 with
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Parties desiring to rent Clough's Opera-house, Chillicothe, Ohio, or Hamlitt's Opera-house, Waverley, Ohio, will please address THEO. MORRIS, P. O. Box 490, Chillicothe, Ohio.

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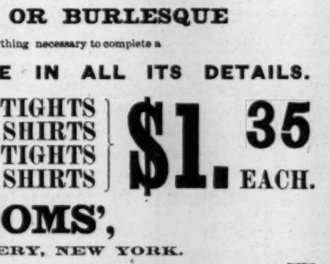

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